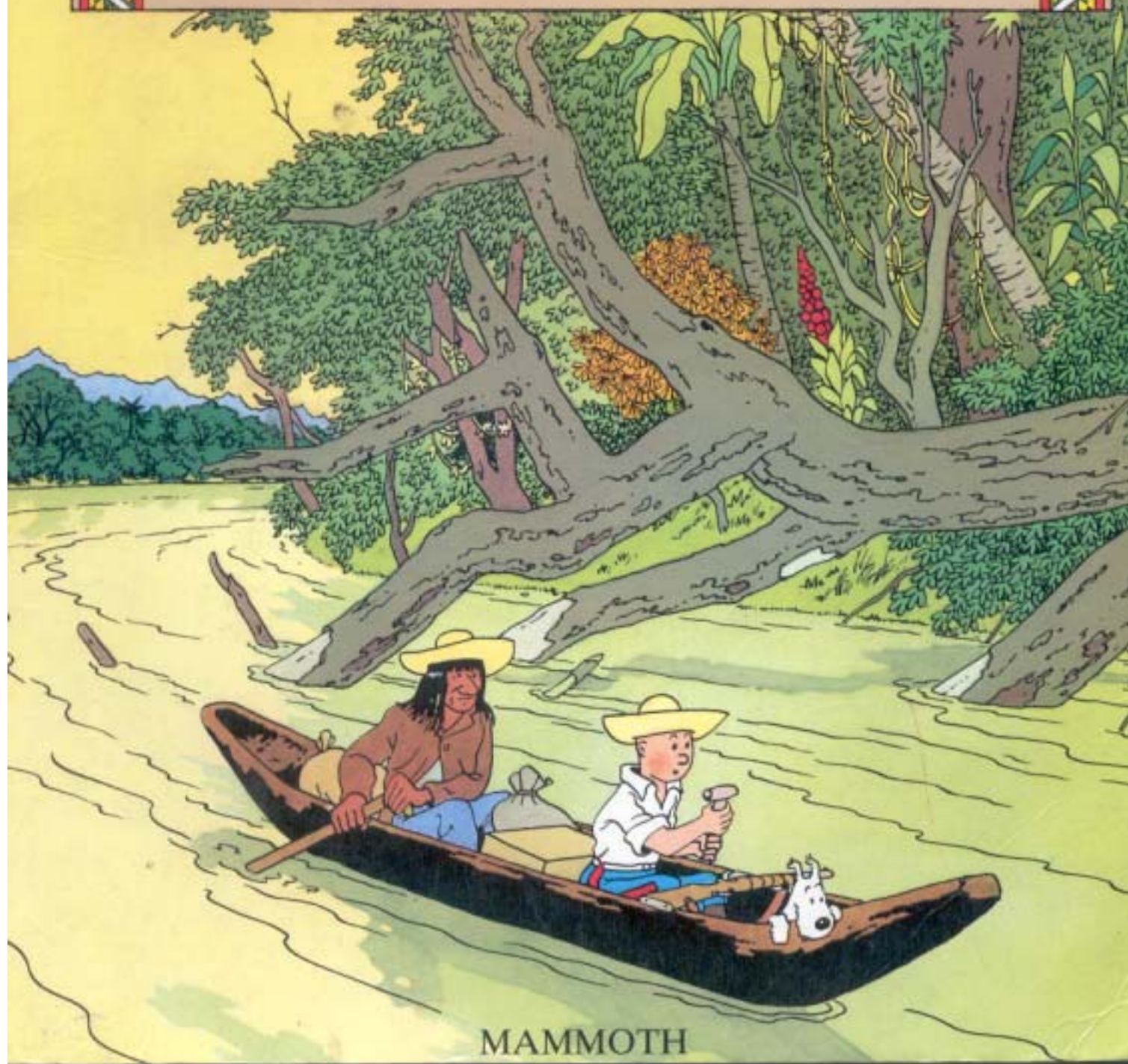


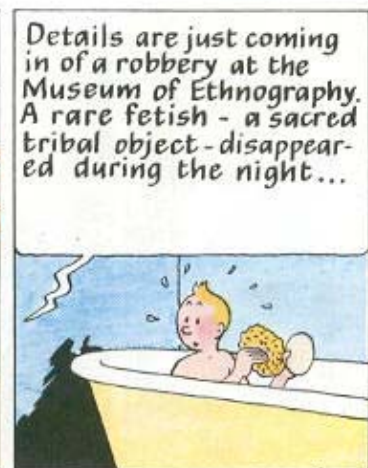
HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**  
**THE BROKEN EAR**



MAMMOTH







The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found...

Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant: is he reliable?



Absolutely! Above suspicion! He's been with us for over twelve years and never given the least cause for complaint.

Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

Why, it's our friend Tintin!



Have you any leads?

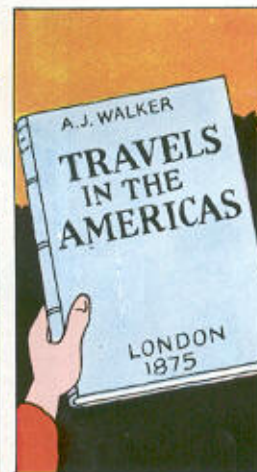
Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no in... er... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.

To be precise: it was collected by a remover.



Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.



Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare..." You hear that, Snowy?



We decided to stay there. The sun's generosity and gave us a plentiful



... Curare!... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing!... Oh! "Arumbaya fetish"... But... but... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an accurate sketch they urged me to go



Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy?... Snowy isn't interested... he's gone to sleep... I think I'll follow suit.



The next morning...







Extraordinary! There was the fetish this morning, back in its usual place, with this letter propped up beside it... What do you think?

Hmmm!

Hmm?

In my opinion, gentlemen, the fetish is bewitched!



Dear Director,

I bet a friend I could pinch something from your museum.

I won my bet, so here's your fetish back.

Please forgive my foolishness, and any trouble I have caused.

Sincerely, X



No. 3542  
ARUMBAYA FETISH  
The Arumbaya tribe live along the banks of the River Coliflor in the Republic of San Theodoros.

My mind is made up: this letter is anonymous. Nobody knows who wrote it!

To be precise: I agree. An anonymous letter nobody wrote!



According to the police the case is closed... But that isn't my view...



Why doesn't he give up?



I do beg your pardon, sir!

Wake up, Tintin! Look where you're going!



So, am I the only one to know the fetish they put back is a fake?



Here's the proof. Walker, the explorer, says he made an "accurate sketch". And according to the drawing...



... the right ear of the fetish is slightly damaged: there's a little bit missing.



But on the reinstated fetish the right ear is intact. So it must be a copy... Now, who would be interested in acquiring the real one? A collector? Quite possibly... Anyway, let's see what the press has to say about it.

Oh dear, here we go again... Sherlock Holmes on the trail!



### FATAL OVERSIGHT

A strong smell of gas alerted residents this morning at 21 London Road. They sent for the police who effected an entry to the room occupied by artist Jacob Balthazar. Officers discovered the sculptor lying on his bed; he was found to be dead. It appears that the victim had forgotten to turn off the tap on his gas-ring. By some chance his parrot survived the fumes. Mr. Balthazar's work attracted the attention of art-critics, who particularly praised his series of wooden statuettes, his special technique being strongly reminiscent of primitive sculpture.



Going round and round like that, he makes me giddy!



Half an hour later...

Excuse me... Is this the house where Mr. Balthazar lived?



Yes, this is it. Ooh, sir, what a tragedy!... Such a polite gentleman!... And all that learning!... Maybe he wasn't all that regular with the rent, but he always paid it in the end. And such a way with animals! A parrot and three white mice, that's what he had...



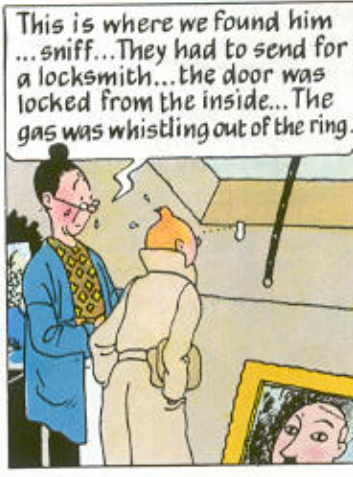
I'm minding the parrot for the time being. But I can't keep it. So if you know of anyone...



I'll take you up. Such a character he was... sniff... I can still see him... his everlasting black velvet suit, and that big hat... And all that smoking! A pipe in his mouth all day long, he had. But he never touched the drink...



Here is his room...



This is where we found him... sniff... They had to send for a locksmith... the door was locked from the inside... The gas was whistling out of the ring.



A little scrap of grey flannel...



And so clever he was... Just look at those flowers: you can almost smell them...



You knew Mr. Balthazar well?

Er... that's to say... not intimately...

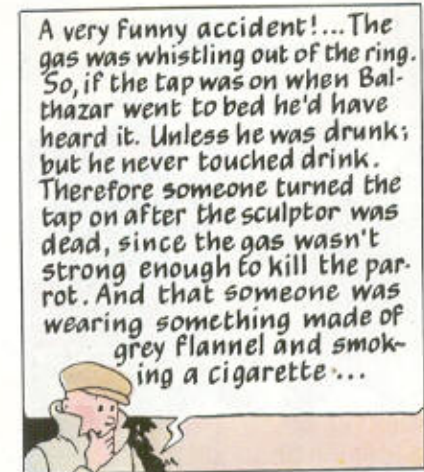


If by any chance you found a parrot-lover... It's such a friendly bird!

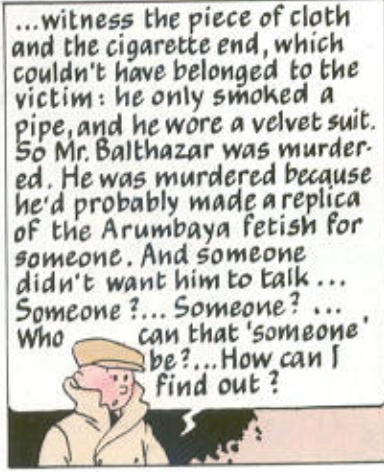
Naturally, I'll remember you. Good-bye and thanks.



An accident?... Funny sort of accident, I'd say...



A very funny accident!... The gas was whistling out of the ring. So, if the tap was on when Balthazar went to bed he'd have heard it. Unless he was drunk; but he never touched drink. Therefore someone turned the tap on after the sculptor was dead, since the gas wasn't strong enough to kill the parrot. And that someone was wearing something made of grey flannel and smoking a cigarette...



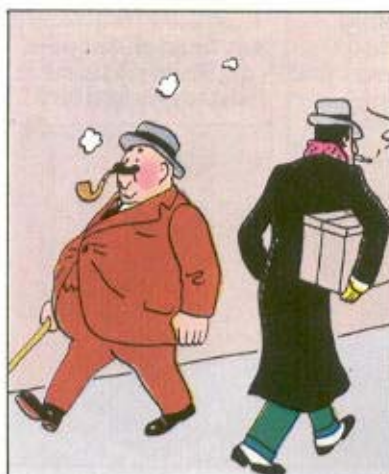
...witness the piece of cloth and the cigarette end, which couldn't have belonged to the victim: he only smoked a pipe, and he wore a velvet suit. So Mr. Balthazar was murdered. He was murdered because he'd probably made a replica of the Arumbaya fetish for someone. And someone didn't want him to talk... Someone?... Someone?... Who can that 'someone' be?... How can I find out?



Great snakes!... Why not?!









Meanwhile...

It's raining, Professor. Don't forget your umbrella...and remember your glasses.



Don't worry, Ernestine. My glasses are in the pocket of my jacket...and I'll take my umbrella.



What a curious-looking creature!

I must take a closer look...Now, where have my glasses gone? I know I put them in my overcoat pocket...



Oh, it's a bird.



Good morning. How d'you do? Pleased to meet you!



I...er...do forgive me, sir. I'm so absent-minded...Would you believe it: I mistook you for a bird!

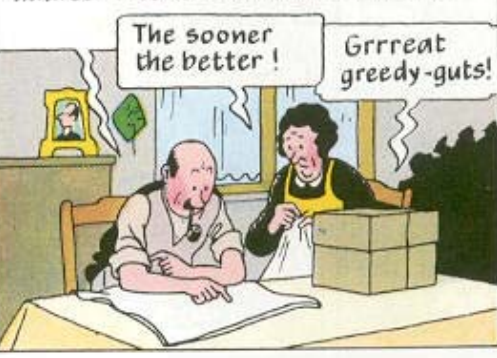
Your advertisement reads "Lost: magnificent parrot. Large reward. Finder contact 26 Labrador Road." It will be in tonight's paper, sir.



Ees necesario to make advertisement about the parrot.



There: "Lost: magnificent parrot..." Look, there are two notices. I'll try the first address: it's nearer than the other.



The sooner the better!

Grrreat greedy-guts!

RRRRING



I came about the parrot. Are you the gentleman who...?



Ah, yes! Do come in!

Let's have a look...



It's him all right! I can't thank you enough. You wouldn't believe what he means to me. Please take the reward.

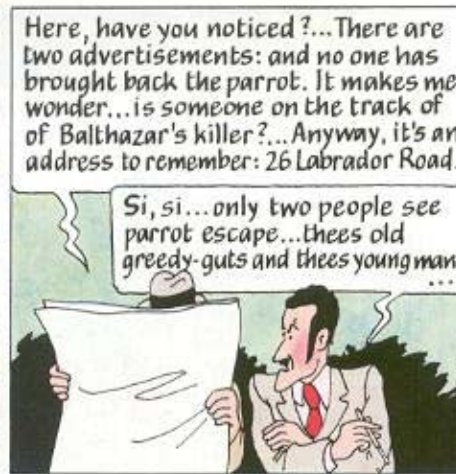
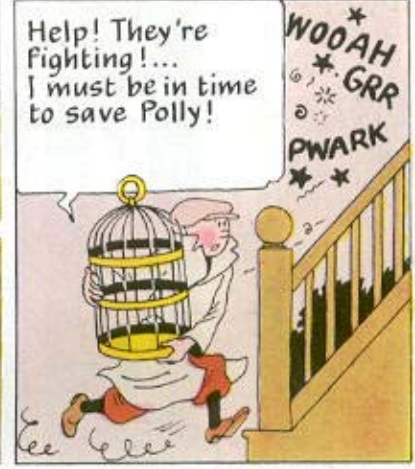
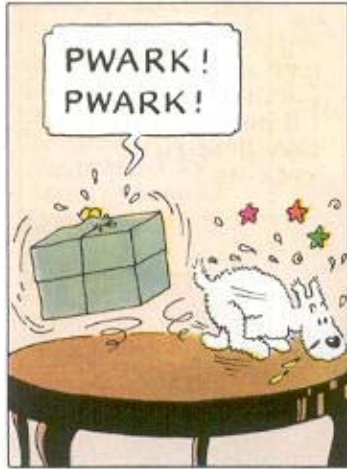
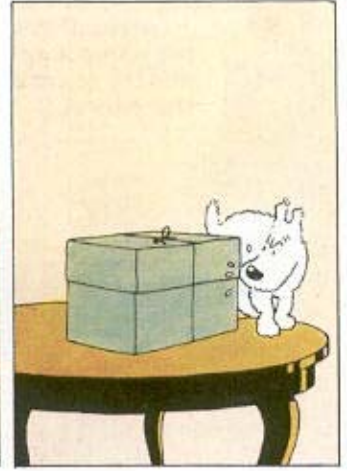


Goodbye, and thank you.

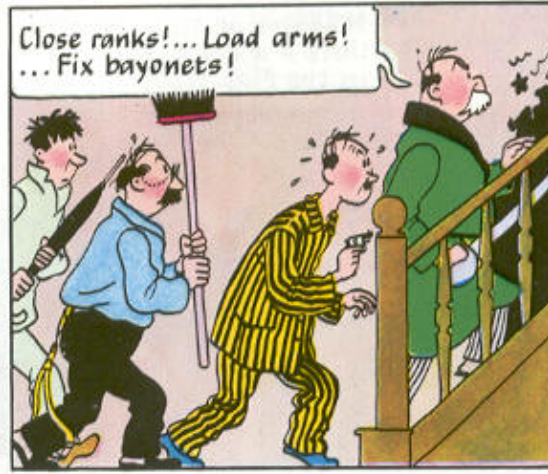
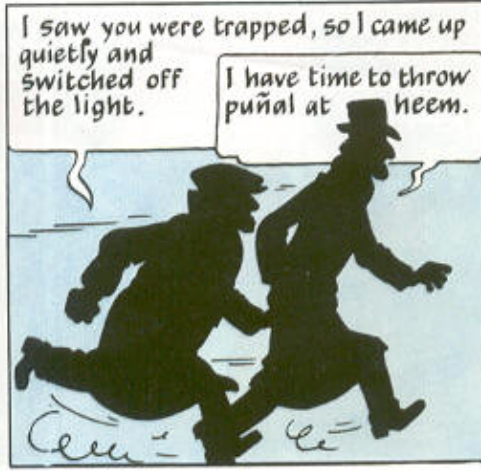


It's me who's grateful!

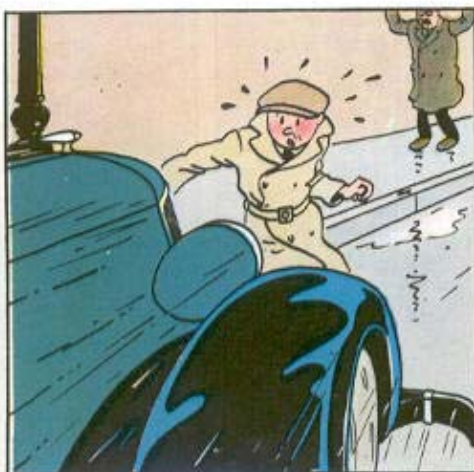




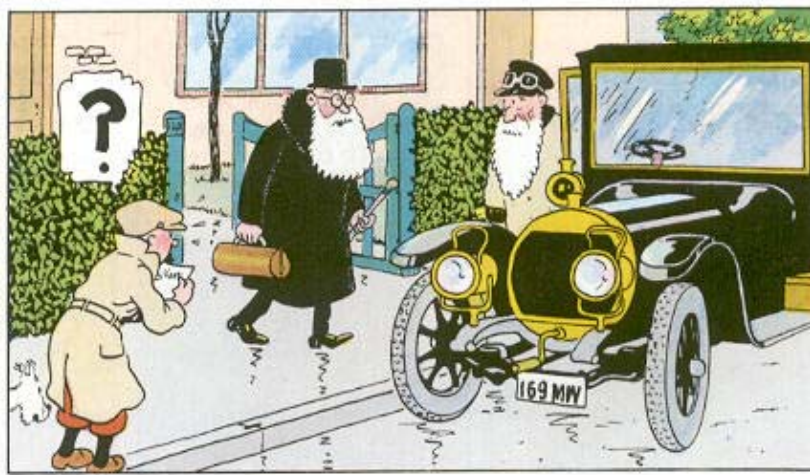
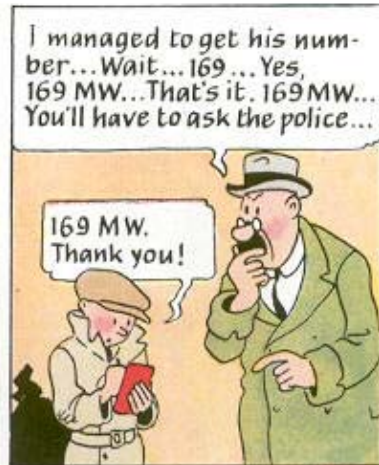














Look, Snowy! You see: 169 MW.  
Now watch: one... two...



Three!... Presto!  
... MW 691!



They just turned their numberplates  
upside down... Perfectly simple!



Now then... MW691  
...Alonso Perez,  
engineer, Sunny  
Bank, Freshfield  
... Not far from  
here to Freshfield...  
Let's go!



*That night...*



Caramba!...  
Again ees too  
much to right!



Ha! ha! ha!...  
Caramba!...  
WHOOPEE!

Estúpido  
parrot! You  
shut up!



All you need do is  
aim more to the  
left: that way  
you hit the bulls-  
eye...



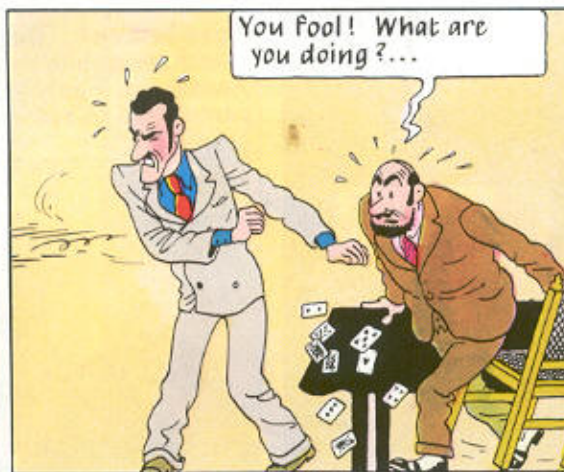
Muy bien, aim  
more to the  
left?...  
Why not?



GRREAT GREEDY-  
GUTS! Silencio!  
Silencio!  
animal maldito!



Grrreat greedy-guts!  
Grrreat greedy-guts!  
PWARK!  
PWARK!



Carrramba!...  
Missed again!...



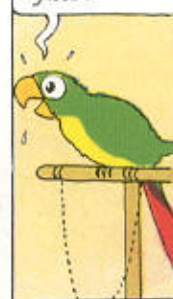
Crazy idiot! Think  
what that parrot  
means to us! Are  
you out of your  
mind? What about  
the fetish?



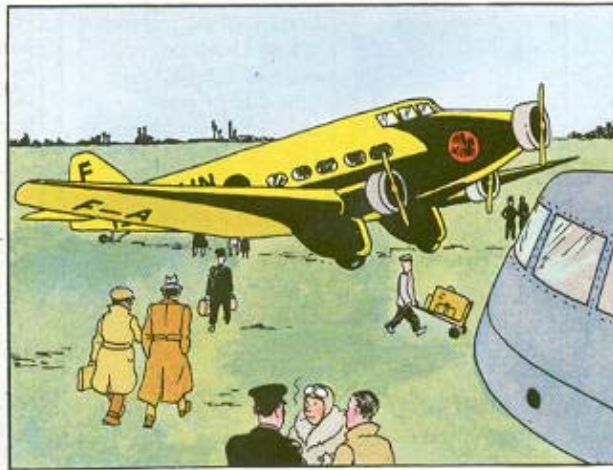
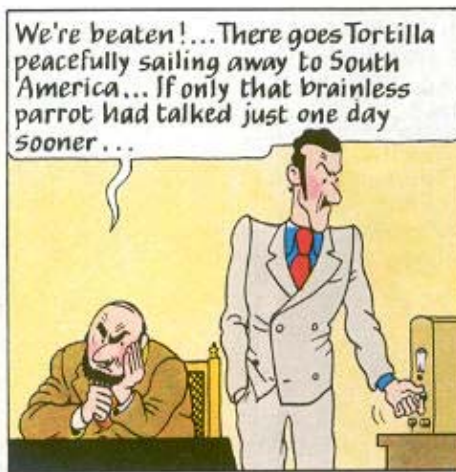
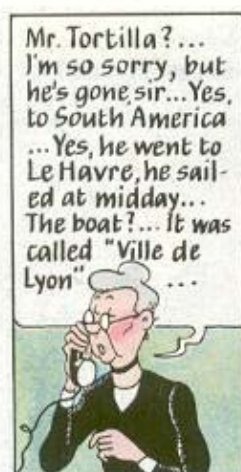
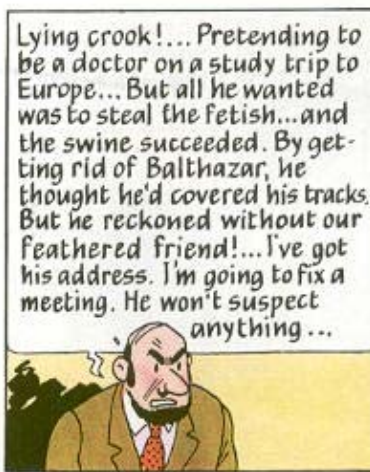
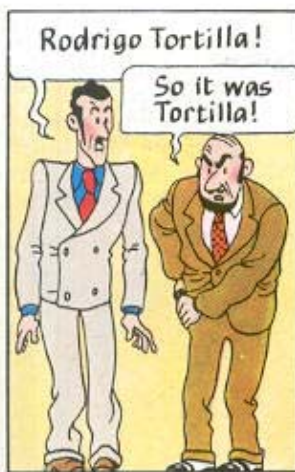
Fetish! Fetish! Al infierno  
weeth thees fetish!...  
And I wreeng the neck  
of thees feelthy  
parrot!...



Carrramba!  
...Ha! ha!  
ha!...  
Grrreat  
greedy-  
guts!









Now, clever Señor Tortilla, the fun begins!



Several days later...

Well? Still nothing?

Nothing. No sign of heem anywhere!



Perhaps he see us and he keep to hees cabin... Or maybe he nevaire come aboard thees ship... Een thees case...



Ssh! Someone's coming...

Did you see?...



That feegure... eet could be...

Tintin, couldn't it?



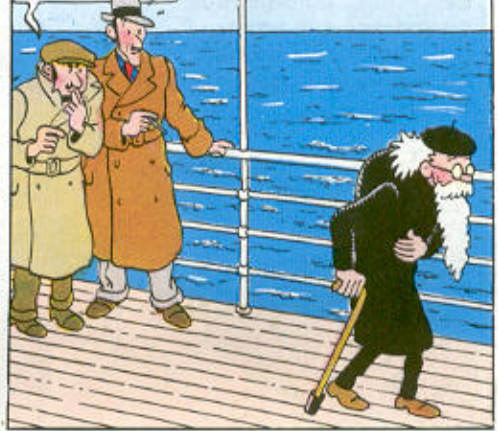
No, ciertamente ees impossible! ... Also, how could he know?



Sssh!



Or him?



It's crazy! We've started seeing Tintins around every corner! They're all fairly short... O.K.... But what does that prove?

... Ees right.



But no, ees not right! Eet ees heem! Ees first one, thees one in the cap. I remember heem: ees in same aéroplane and he seet behind us. Ees following us. I tell you, ees Tintin!



All right, there's only one answer. He's got to go!



Esta noche... to-night, after the dinner, we feex heem good!

That evening...

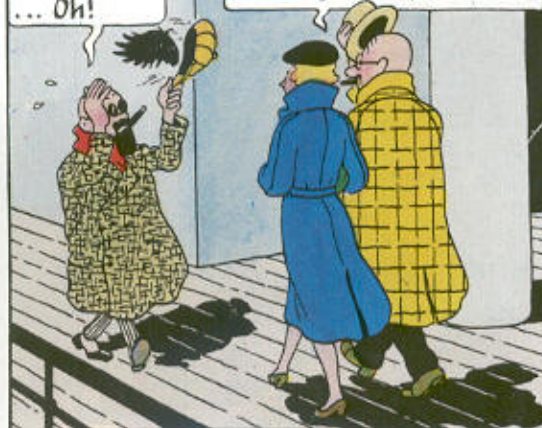


Now don't forget: aim a little more to the left...



Goodnight! ... Oh!

Goodnight to you!



A weeg! Ees wearing a weeg! Ciertamente ees heem!

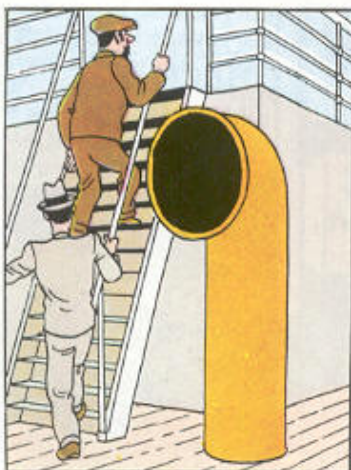
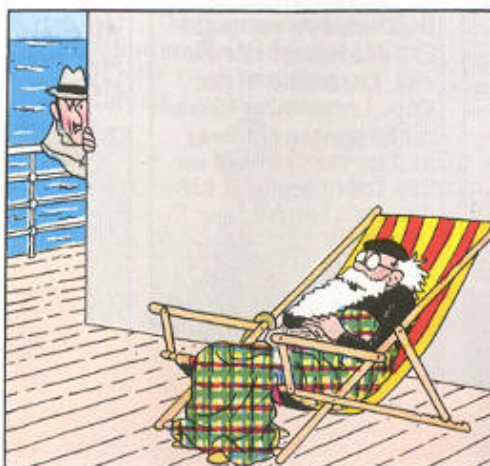


Careful, he's coming! Now above all, don't miss!

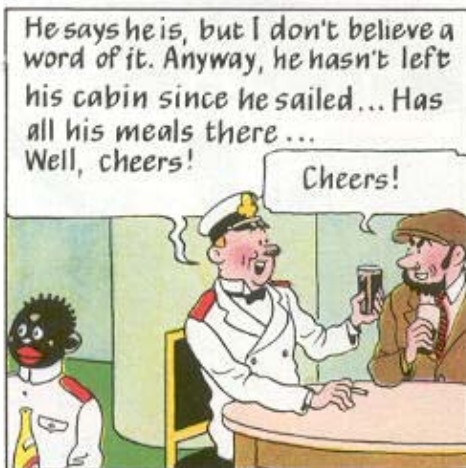
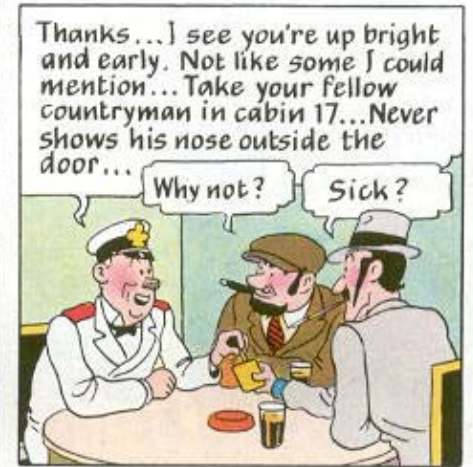
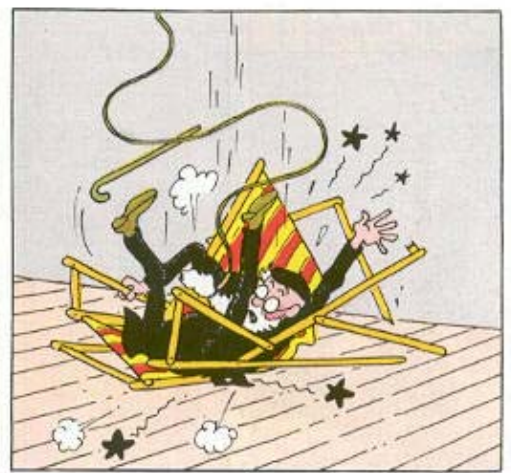
OOH! ... HELP! ... MURDER! HELP!



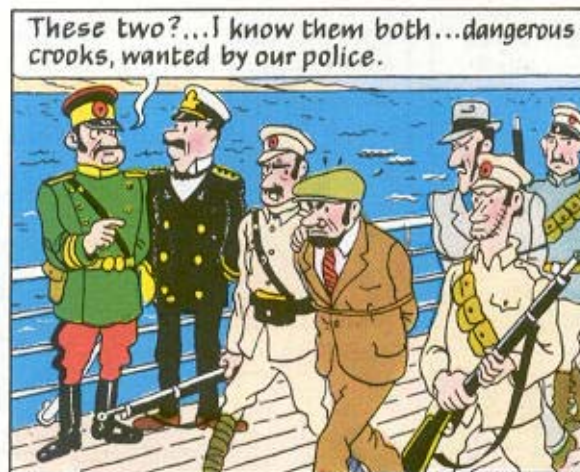
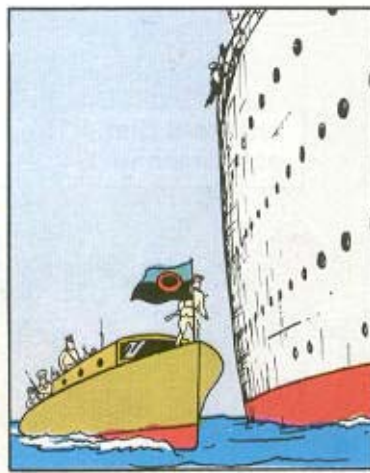
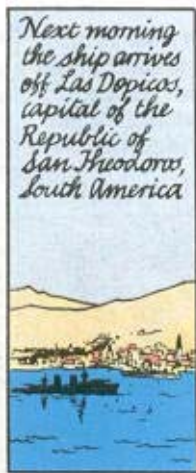
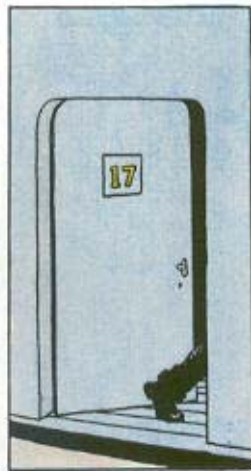














Good idea of yours to meet the boat... Excellent... But there's still the fetish...



...And that's the whole story. Look, here's the fetish they stole from the wretched Tortilla. Does anything in particular strike you about it?



Exactly. So we still need to know two things. First, where's the real fetish... and then, what are all these gangsters really after?



RAT TAT TAT



A letter for Mr. Tintin, sir. A police launch just brought it.



Republic of San Theodoros  
Ministry of Justice  
Los Dopicos

The Minister presents his compliments to Mr. Tintin and requests his presence ashore to assist in the interrogation of two suspects. Mr. Tintin is further invited to bring with him the stolen fetish. An officer will meet Mr. Tintin on shore and put himself at his disposal.



Things are beginning to move. I'll just get myself ready and then I'll go.



See you later! Good luck!



Don't forget, we'll be sailing tonight at eight o'clock.



Don't worry, I'll be back. I don't want to get stuck in this place!



All right then, that's understood. You'll pick me up here at 1900 hours.



Now we just have to wait for that obliging officer to come and put himself at my disposal!



Hey! My suitcase!







Ah!... It's still there...  
Whew!



What a  
fright!



That's him, isn't it?  
Yes, he's the  
one!

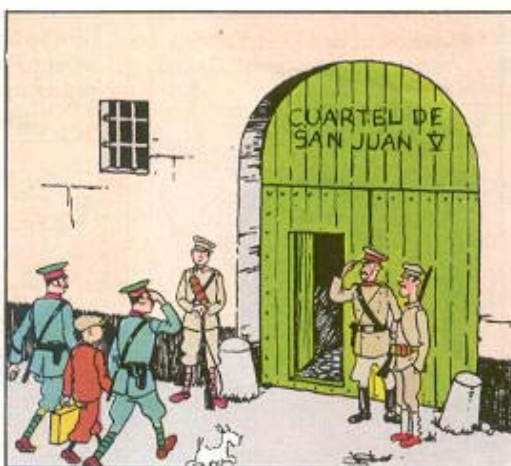


Will you come with  
us, señor?...

Ah, there you  
are.  
Excellent.



Why all the  
soldiers every-  
where?  
There's talk of a  
revolution...



Tell me  
you will find  
in harbour. He has with him  
a small white dog.  
If you don't believe this  
letter, open his case...  
XXX

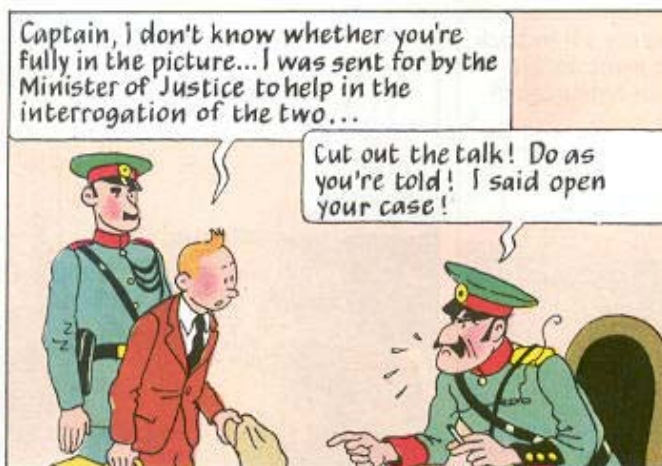
RAT TAT  
TAT

Come in!



This is the man, Captain.

Good. Open  
your case!



Captain, I don't know whether you're  
fully in the picture... I was sent for by the  
Minister of Justice to help in the  
interrogation of the two...

Cut out the talk! Do as  
you're told! I said open  
your case!



Very well, Captain...  
but I warn you, I  
shall complain of  
your behaviour...



Bombs! My informant  
was right: he's a  
terrorist!



Hold him! Take him to  
the cell block at once...  
to await the firing squad!



Captain, it's all a trick, I tell you! My case was stolen,  
and switched with this  
one!

OK, OK, we know  
all that!  
To the cells!



Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain... He'll get me out easily enough.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



Yes, and I guess he'll have a long wait for his master...

1900 hours...



Perdone, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?

Yes, how d'you know that?



Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right, thank you.



That's that taken care of!



There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.



... And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Dopicos  
Dear Captain,  
As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you.  
However, something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish, forcing me to stay longer in Las Dopicos.  
I am extremely sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back...



TOOOOT  
TOOOT

That's the "Ville de Lyon"!



They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!

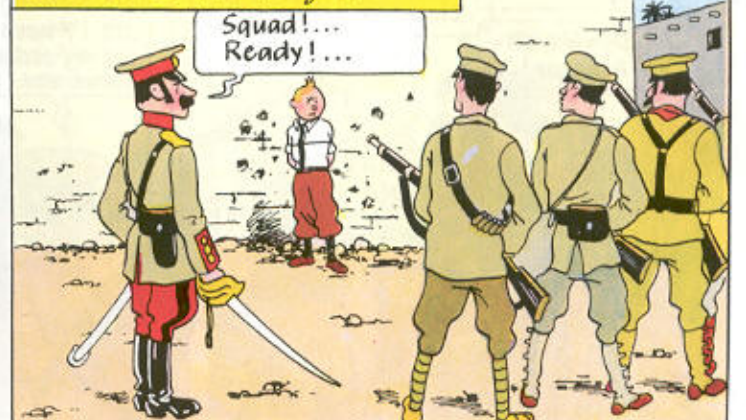


This time it's hopeless... I can't see any way to get myself off the hook...

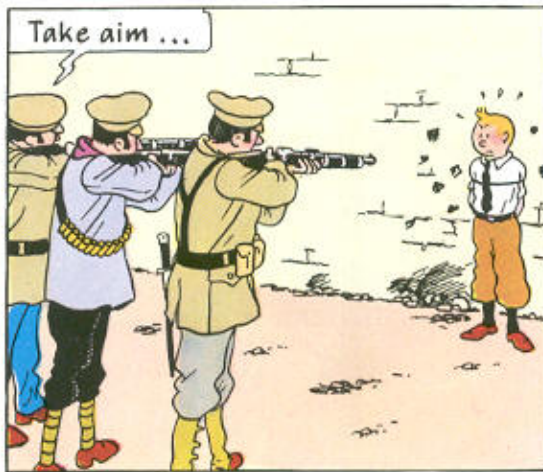
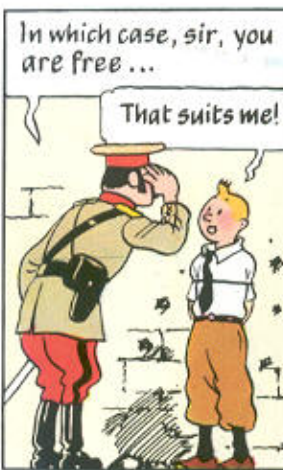


And next morning...

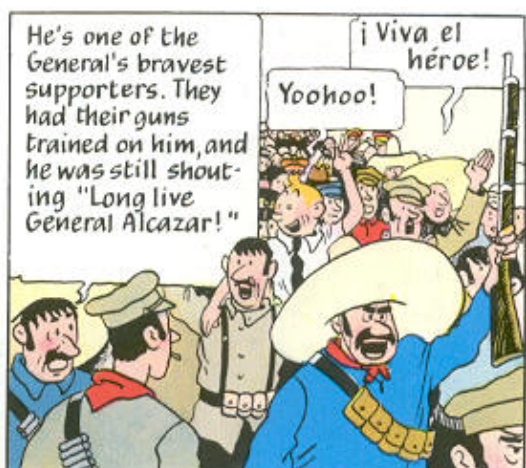
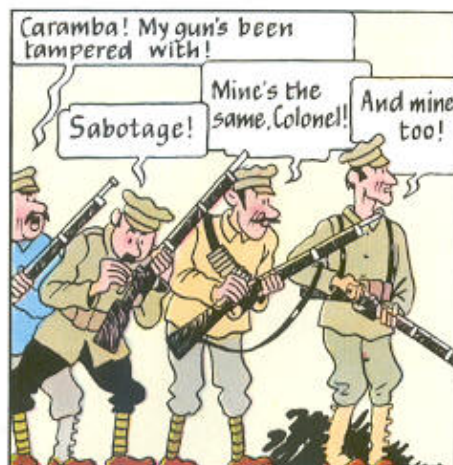
Squad!... Ready!...







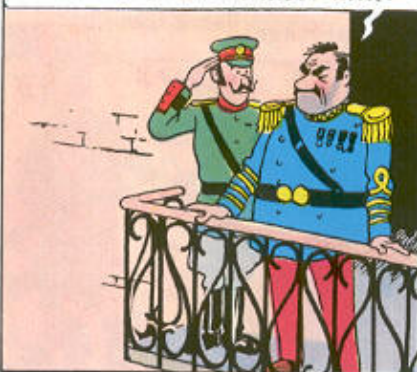








Go and see what's happening, Colonel...and bring that young man here to me. I want to meet him.



I've already been shot three times...so a fourth time makes no odds to me. I'm used to it.



Here he is, General...he was sentenced to death by General Tapioca. Our men arrived just as the firing squad were going to shoot him. They had their rifles up, and this courageous fellow was still shouting "Long live General Alcazar!"



¡ Muy bien! I am General Alcazar, and I need men like you! As a mark of my appreciation, I appoint you colonel aide-de-camp.

Thanks very much ... but I'd like my hand back!



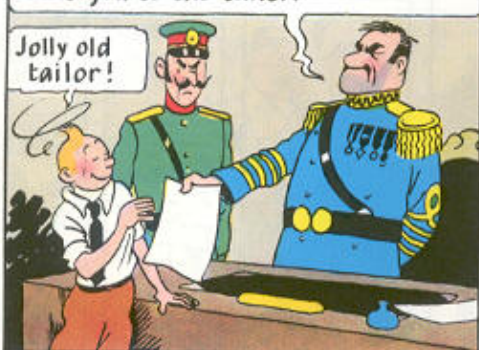
But...don't you think, General, it might be wiser to make him a corporal? We only have forty-nine corporals, whereas there are already three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven colonels. So...



I shall do as I like! I'm in command! But since you consider we are short of corporals I will add to their number. Colonel Diaz, I appoint you corporal!



Here's your colonel's commission, young man. Now, go and get yourself kitted out. Corporal Diaz here will take you to the tailor.



A colonel's uniform for our young friend? ...Excellent! I had this all ready for Colonel Fernandez, who fled with General Tapioca...He was just the same size... And for yourself?...A corporal's outfit? I have just the thing...



My career is in ruins. But I'll have my revenge, on you and that confounded General Alcazar!



*That night ...*

Comrades, we have a new member...an officer who preferred to resign his commission rather than continue to serve a tyrant! He will take the oath.



I swear obedience to the laws of our society. I promise to fight against tyranny with all my strength! My watchword henceforward is the same as yours: liberty or death!

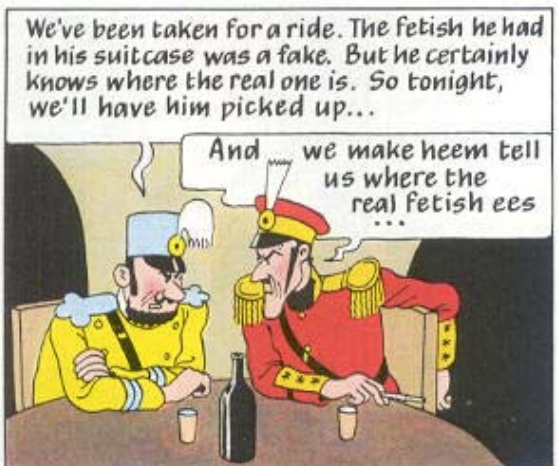
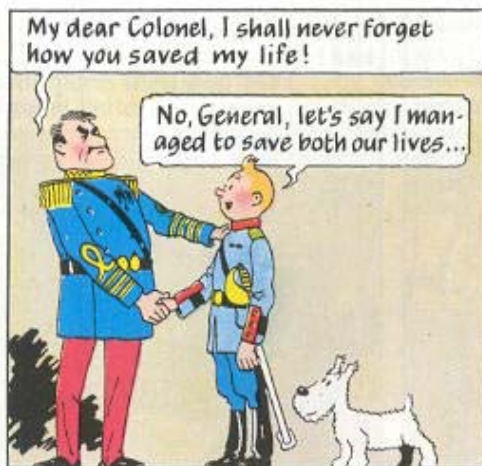
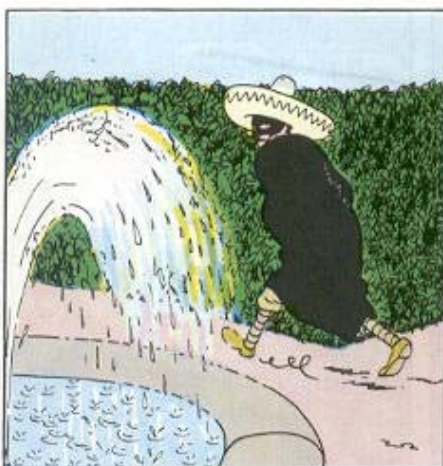
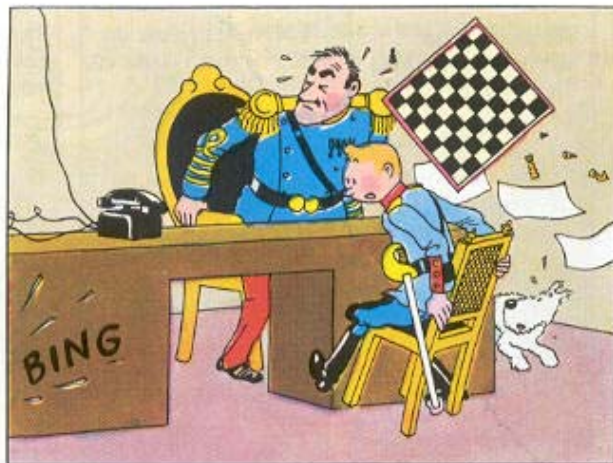
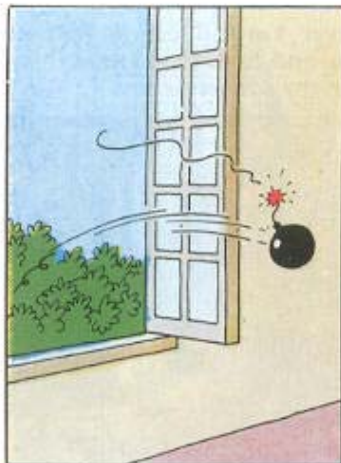




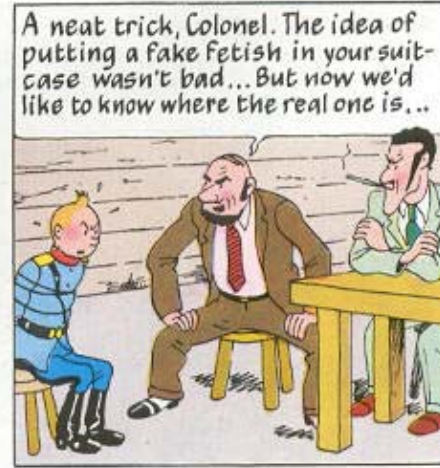
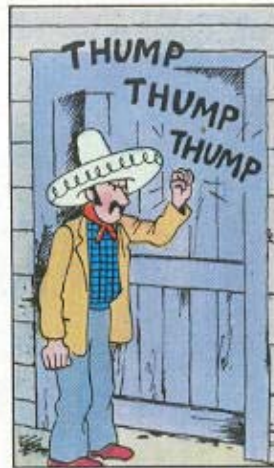
*The next morning ...*



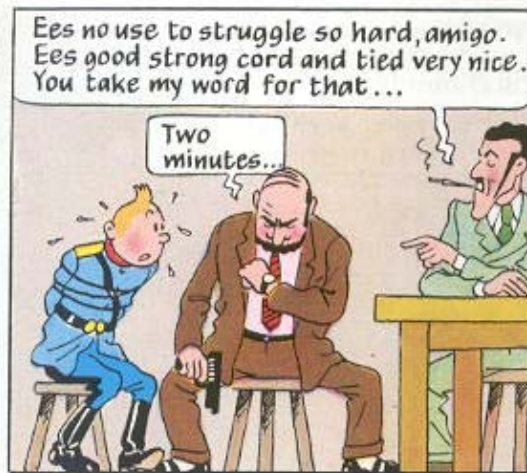




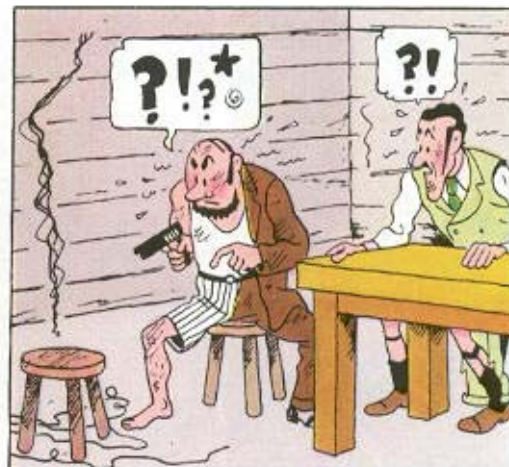




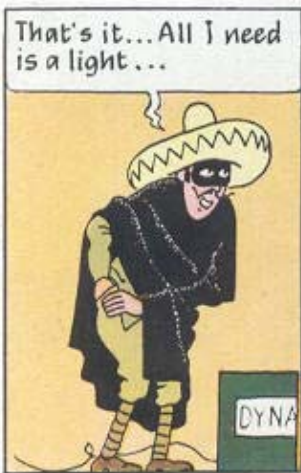
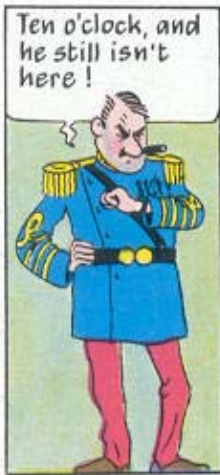




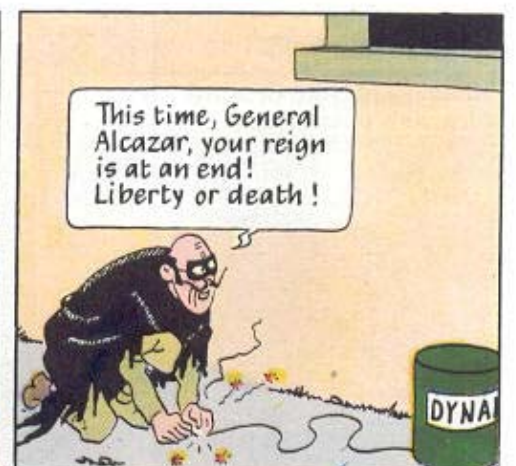
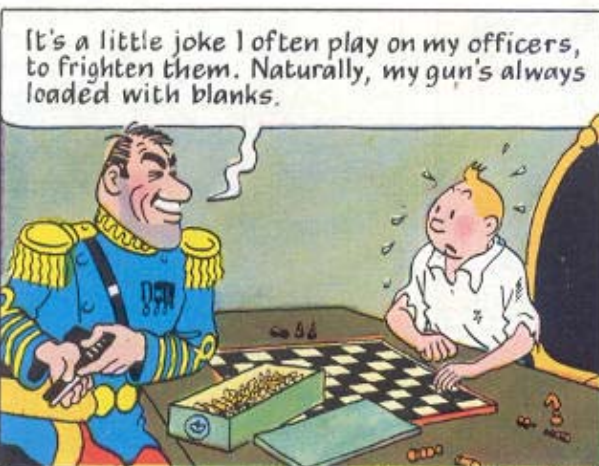
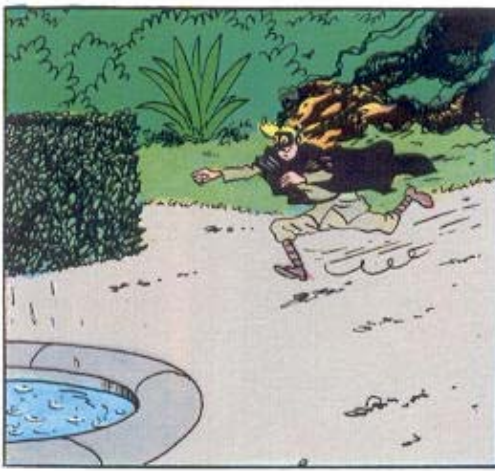




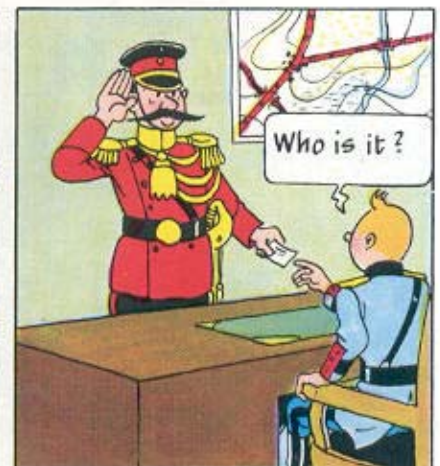
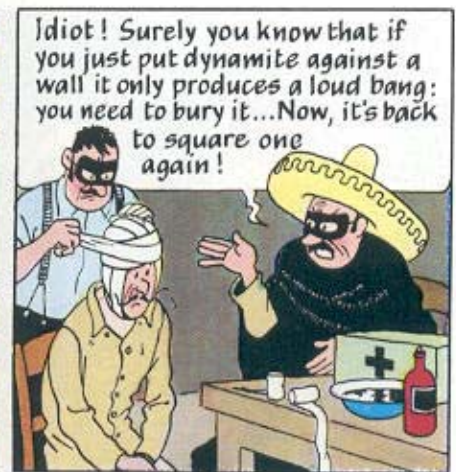
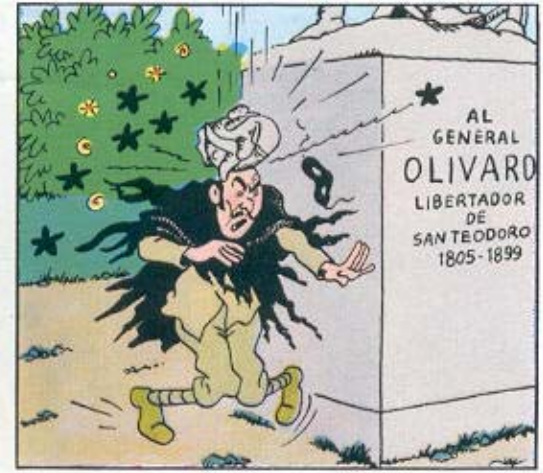
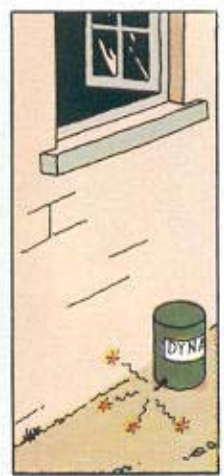
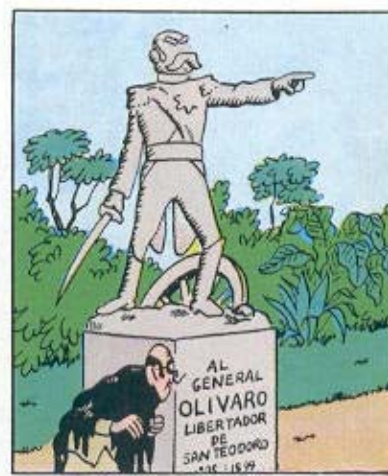




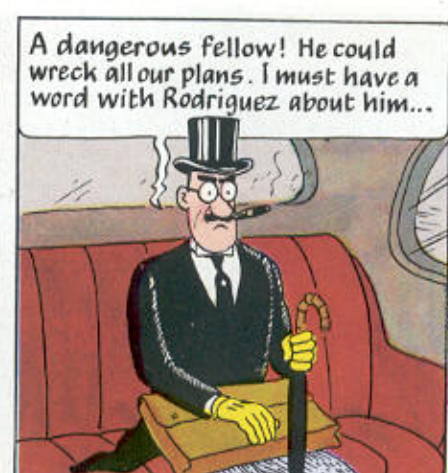
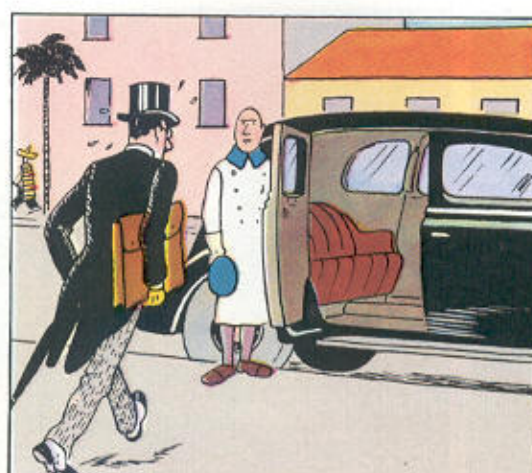
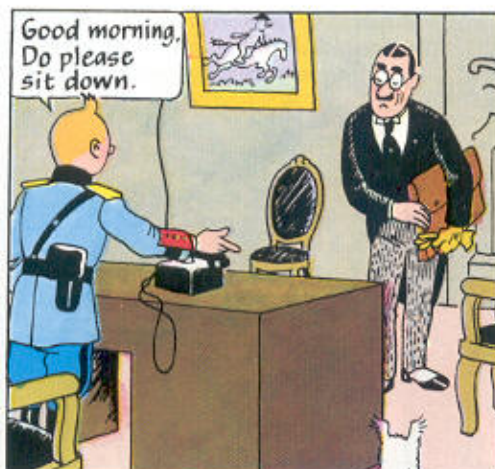




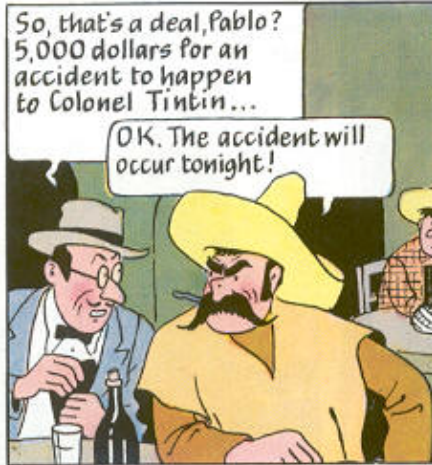




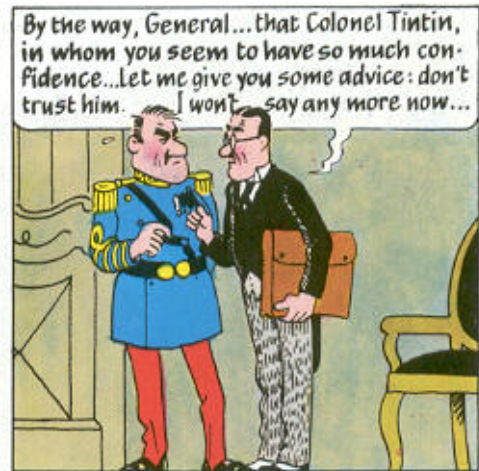
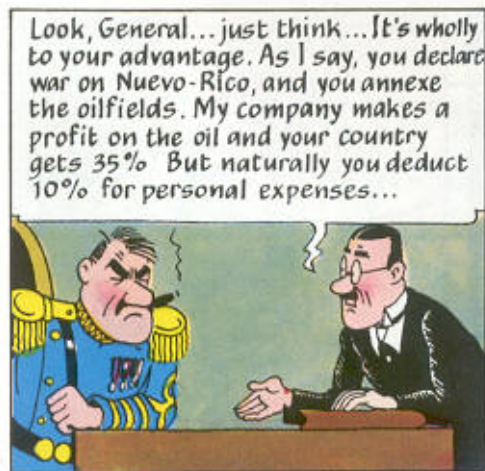










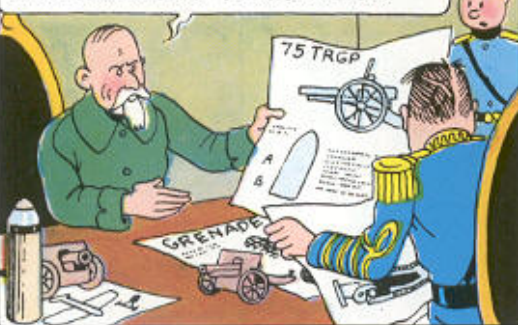




Good morning, General Alcazar. I happened to be passing through your country, and thought I'd show you our latest models.



This is our very newest line: the 75 TRGP. It's a really high-quality product: flexible, easy to handle, strong, and it will toss a nice little nickel-plated shell for you over a distance of 15 kilometres.



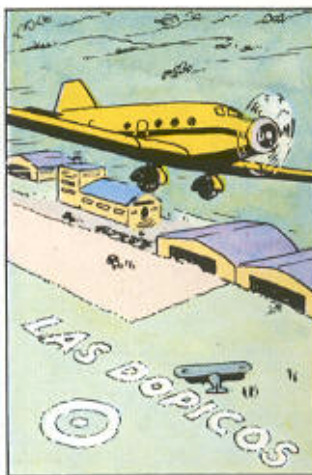
Oho! This could be serious. Listen, Ramón. Las Dopicos. A detachment of Nuevo-Rican soldiers crossed into the territory of San Theodoros and opened fire on a border post. Guards returned the fire and a violent battle ensued. The Nuevo-Ricans were forced to retire across the frontier, having sustained heavy losses. The only casualty on our side was a corporal, wounded by a cactus spine.



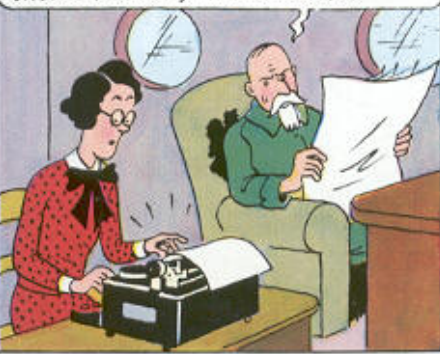
The airport...



Now we are off to Sanfacion... the Nuevo-Rican capital.



... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60,000 shells, for the government of San Theodoros. Payable in twelve monthly instalments.



To General Mogador's palace.



Half an hour later...



Back to the airport.

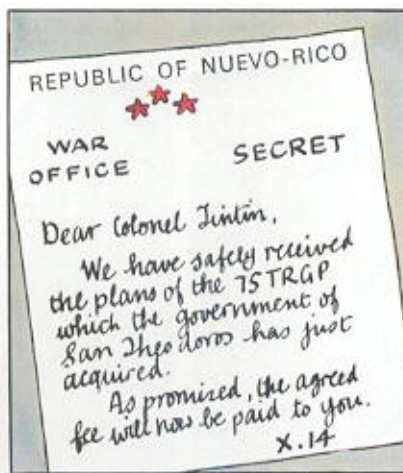
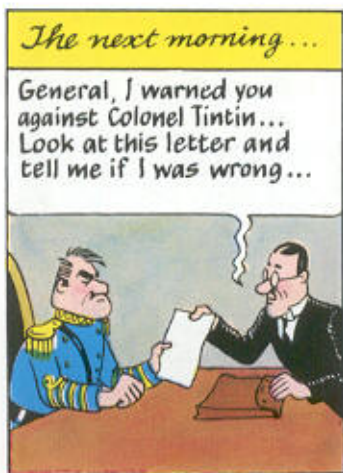
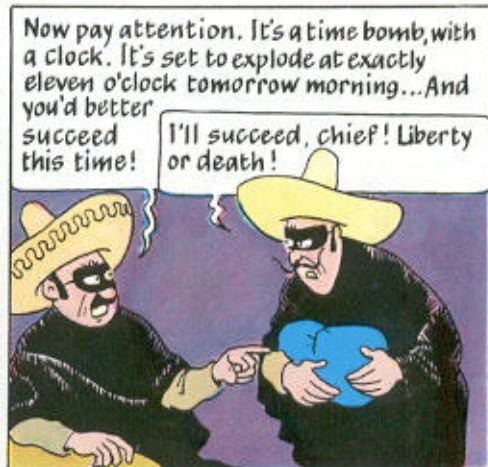


That's Señor Bazarov's private plane

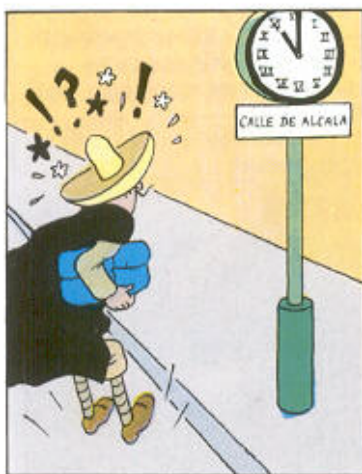
... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60,000 shells, for the government of Nuevo-Rico. Payment in twelve monthly instalments.











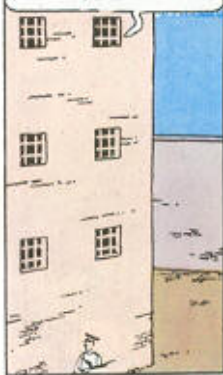
Yes, you can take these: they're my orders. The first concerns Colonel Tintin; he will be shot at dawn tomorrow. The other is for Corporal Diaz, my former aide-de-camp. I've made him a colonel again. He can resume his duties at once.



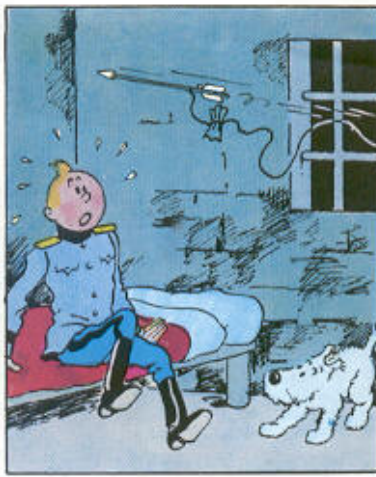
Back in gaol again! Unless I'm much mistaken, friend Trickler has cooked this one up to get rid of me.



Oh!... It won't be easy to escape...



Nightfall, and I still can't see any way out... There must be something...



Pull up the string: a rope is attached to it. Tie the rope firmly to the bars. When you're ready, wave your handkerchief. As soon as the bars have gone, jump out of the window.



Ah, here comes the rope...



That's it: he's signalling! Pull!

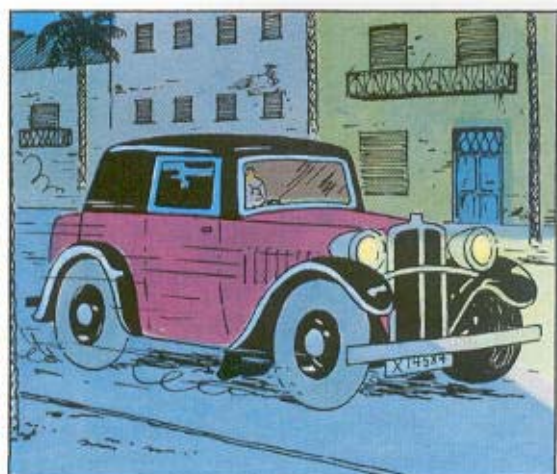


Hello?

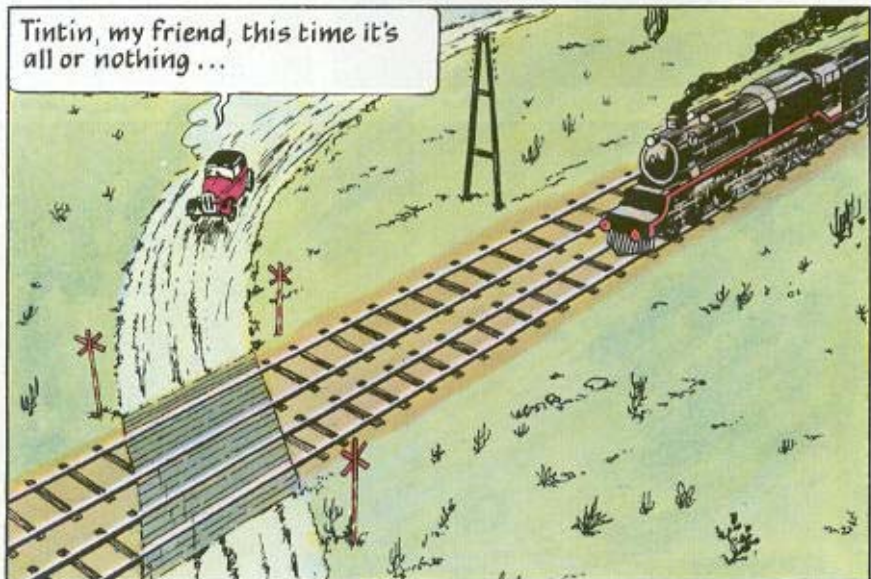
Come on, jump! Quick!



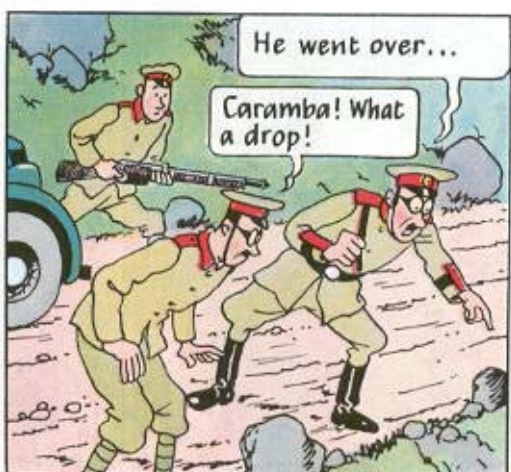
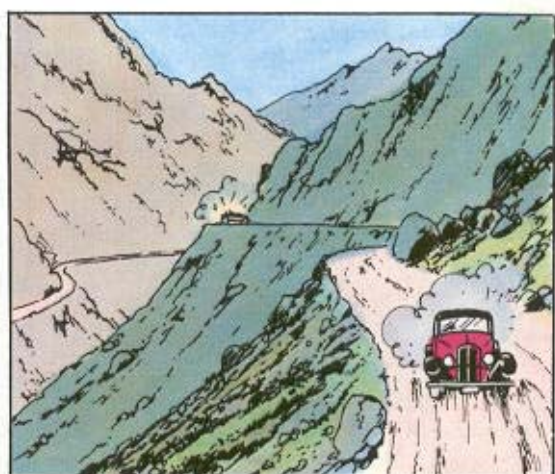
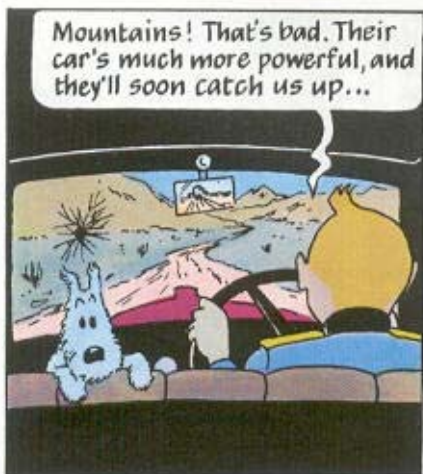
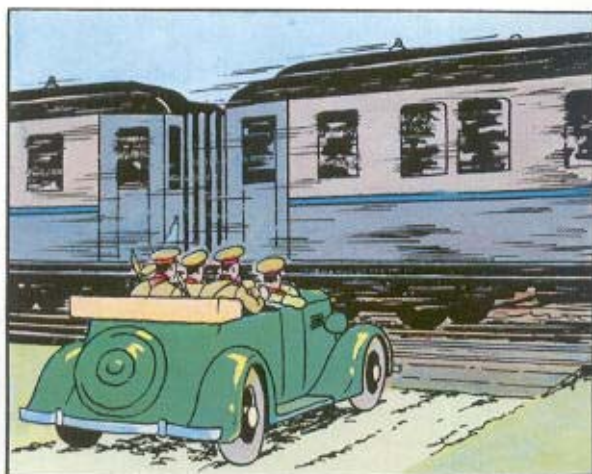
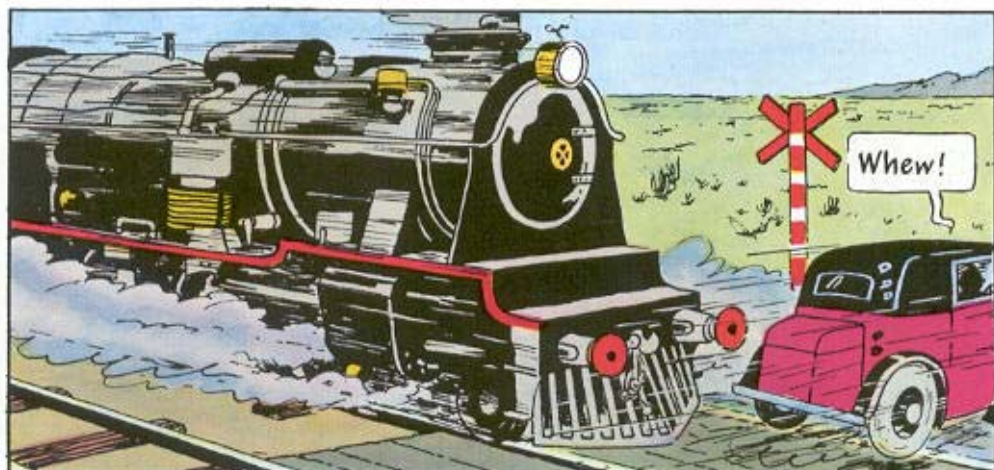
















I'm staying here. Why climb down? He's had it anyway, hasn't he?

As you like. I'm going to see...



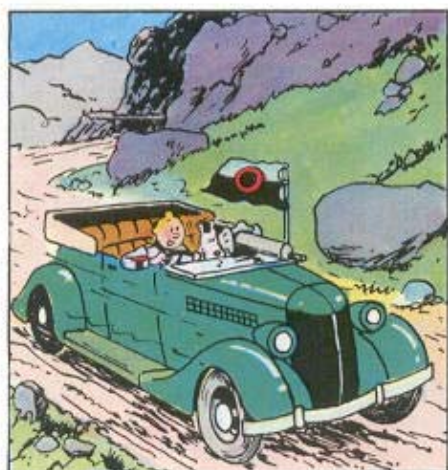
There it is. We can go back to Las Dopicos. That's put paid to Colonel Tintin.



VRROOM

What's going on up there?

That's our car!



He... he must have been hiding behind the rocks. I didn't see him coming...



It doesn't matter. He'll be caught at the frontier. It can't be far from here. We'll pick him up there. Come on!

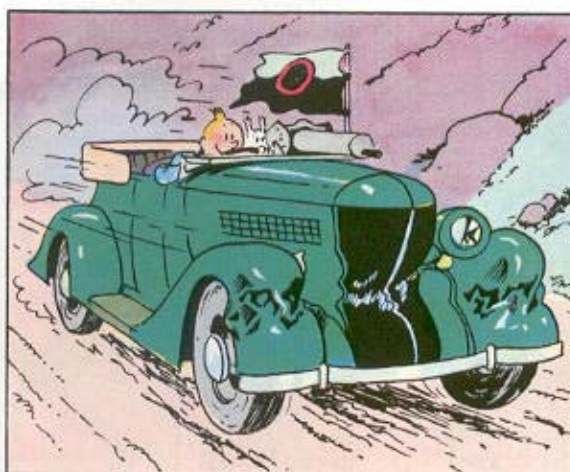
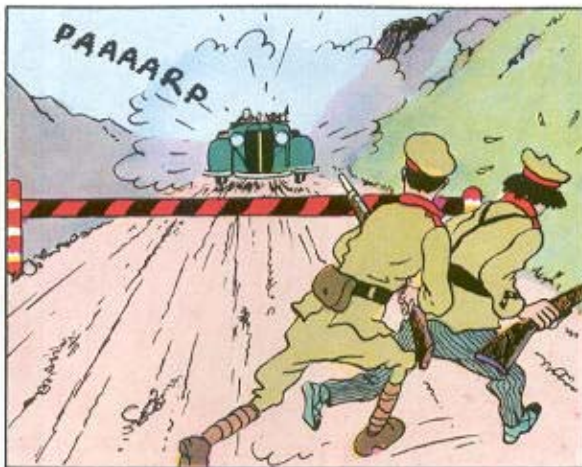


?

It's a government car!



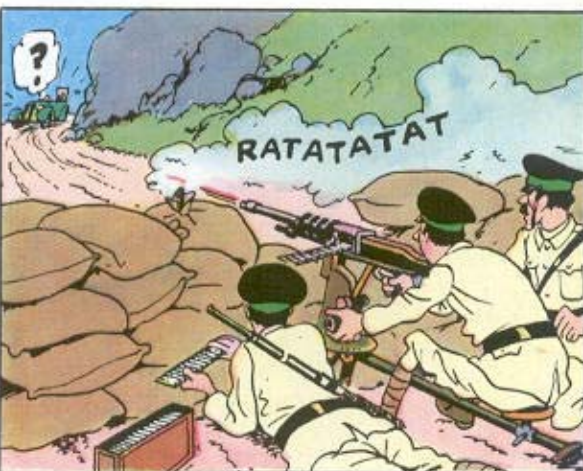
If they stop me, I'm caught...  
and if that's a strong  
barrier, I'm dead.



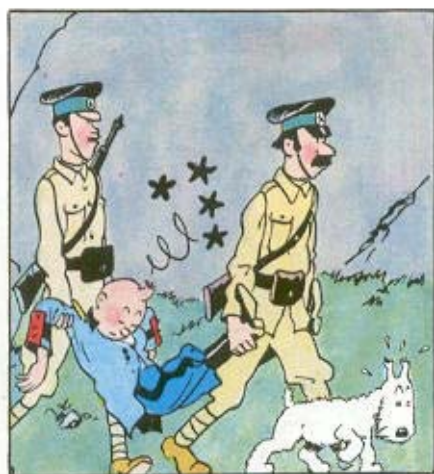
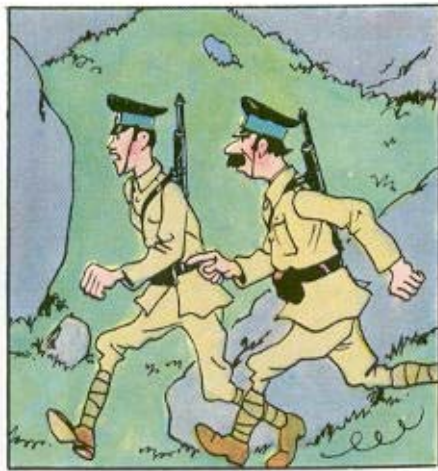
Hello?... Border post 31?...  
Patrol No.4 here... A San-  
Theodorian car with a mounted  
machine-gun just raced past  
here, heading for the frontier.



Red alert!...San-  
Theodorian armoured  
car reported...  
Man your posts!







An armoured car tried to attack border post 31. It was destroyed and one of the occupants, a colonel, was taken prisoner.



*In Sanfacion...*

General!... General!... This dispatch has just come by telephone!



"An armoured car ... !!! This time it's war! That's what they want: that's what they'll get!"



Pass this communiqué to the newspapers. I want special editions on the streets in an hour!



Sanfacion Star! ... Extra! ... Extra! ... Sanfacion Star! ... Extra!



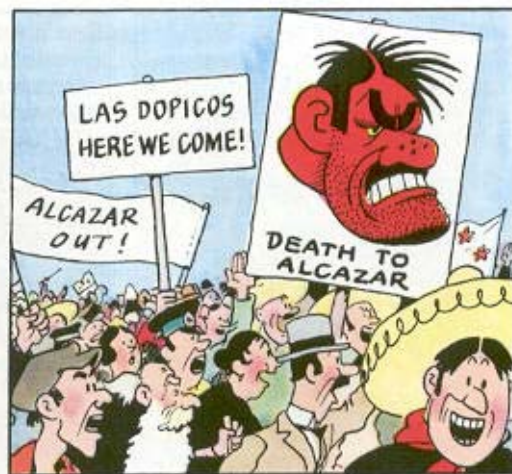
**WAR! IT'S WAR!**  
A motorised column of the San-Theodorian army mounted a surprise attack today, but the enemy were repulsed by our valiant troops, who inflicted heavy casualties...



LAS DOPICOS  
HERE WE COME!

ALCAZAR  
OUT!

DEATH TO  
ALCAZAR



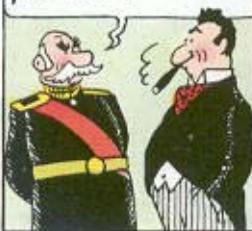
Hello?... Mr. Tricker?... Success! The Nuevo-Ricans have just declared war on us!... Yes... over some new incident on the border...



The Gran Chapo fields are ours! ... Once again General American Oil has beaten British South-American Petrol!



In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in Nuevo-Rican hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petrol will not forget your promises.

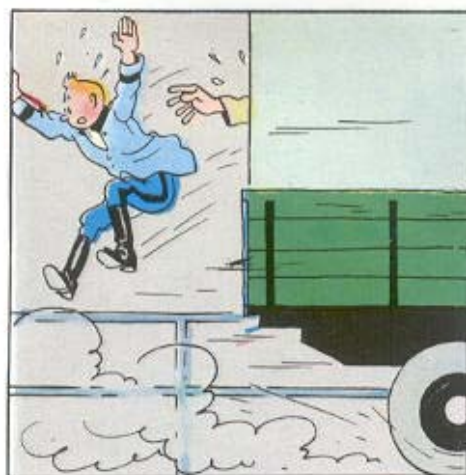
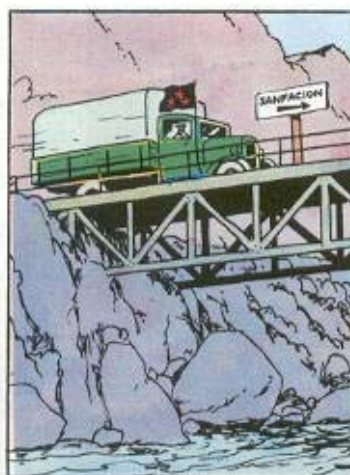


The first chance we get, we desert, and ...

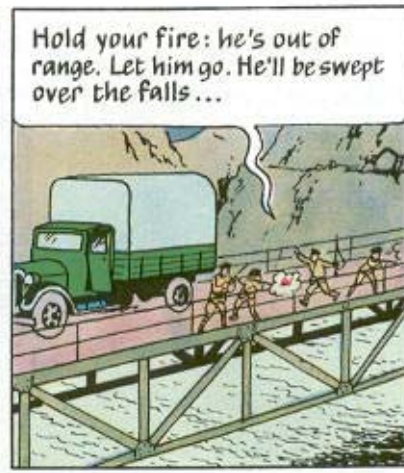
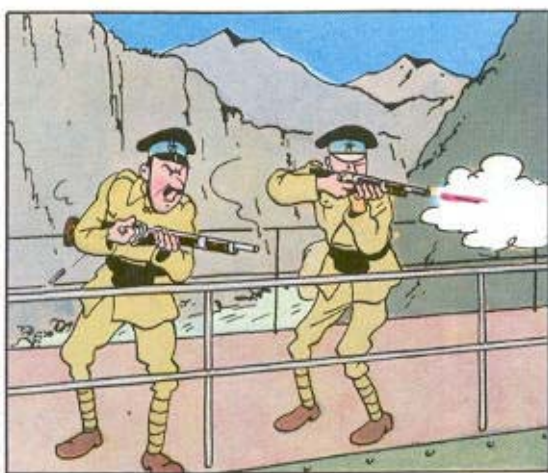
... we look for thees fetish again.



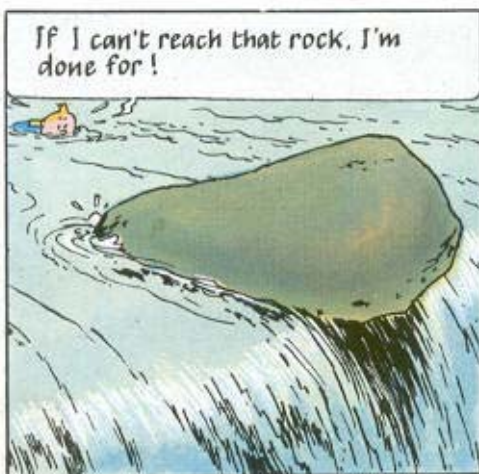








Hold your fire: he's out of range. Let him go. He'll be swept over the falls...



If I can't reach that rock, I'm done for!



Whew!



WOOAH!



Well, what do we do now?



?

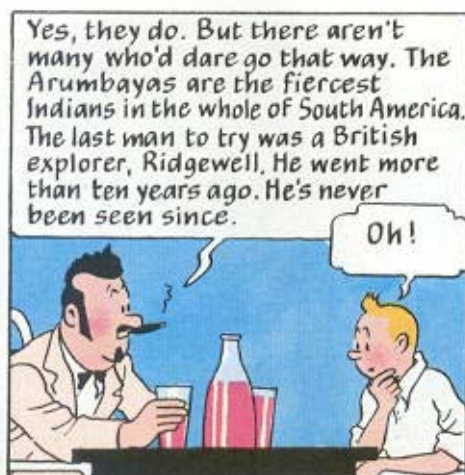
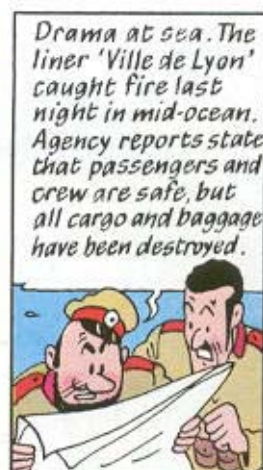


A tree trunk! ... Don't let it go ... it could be our only chance!



Ah! It's swinging round!







*Next morning...*

This is Caraco, an Indian who knows the river well. But I doubt if he'd dare go... there.



I want to go down-river. Will you act as my guide?



I... er... I want to visit the Arumbayas ...



Arumbayas! Very bad people! No! Caraco no go!



Wait, Caraco. Think it over. Look what I'll pay you ...



Caraco go. But Caraco very poor man. The señor will buy canoe of Caraco.



Caraco know other white señor. He want to go to Arumbayas. Long, long time ago. Other white señor ...



*Several days later...*



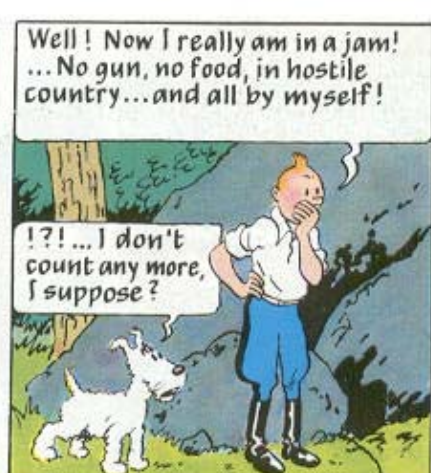
Soon is night, señor.



Tomorrow, we come to country of Arumbayas.











A dart!... It's sure to be poisoned!... D'you remember, Snowy?... Curare!



I can't hear anything now. I must have shaken them off...

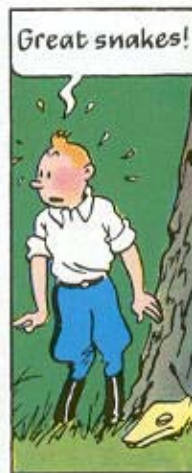


Cowards! Come on out and show yourselves, unless you're afraid to!

Tintin, you'll get yourself killed!



WOOAH



Great snakes!



A white man!



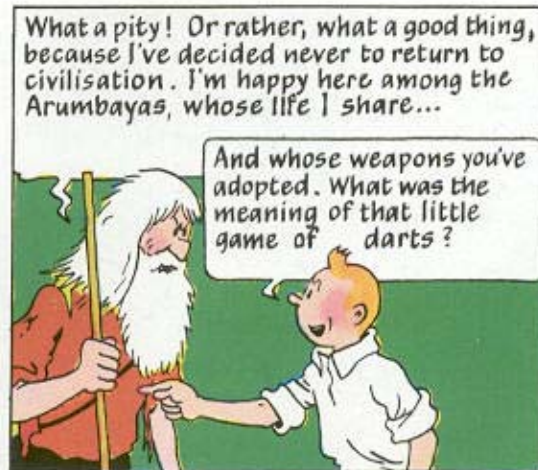
Who are you? And what brings you to this place?

My name is Tintin... who... who are you?



My name is Ridgewell.

Ridgewell? The explorer? But everybody thinks you're dead.



What a pity! Or rather, what a good thing, because I've decided never to return to civilisation. I'm happy here among the Arumbayas, whose life I share...

And whose weapons you've adopted. What was the meaning of that little game of darts?



I just wanted you to have an unfriendly reception, to encourage you to leave at once. Believe me, if I'd wanted to kill you it wouldn't have taken more than one dart. Look, I'll prove it. You see that big flower over there?

Yes.



Good shot!



WOOAAAAH!

?



Ooh! I'm so sorry!

WOOAAAAH!



Don't worry, the dart wasn't poisoned. Use my handkerchief for a bandage.



Now, tell me how you come to be here in this country...



Well, it's like this. An Arumbaya Fetish in a museum in Europe, brought back by the explorer Walker, was stolen and replaced by a copy. I noticed the substitution. Two other men were also on the track of the real fetish and who ever had stolen it.



I followed these two men to South America. They killed the thief on board ship and stole his fetish. But this one too was a fake. So now I'm trying to find the real fetish, and I still don't know where it is.



...Just as I still don't know what they were all after: Tortilla, the first thief, and his two killers. They all wanted the fetish. But why they wanted it is still a complete mystery. So I thought perhaps that here...



... among the Arumbayas I might learn something fresh about it...

Perhaps you may. It's quite possible...



Rumbabas! ... Sworn enemies of the Arumbayas! ...







What will they do to us? That's easy! They'll cut off our heads and by a most ingenious process they'll shrink them to the size of an apple!



Ahw wada lu'vali bahn chaco conats! Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He means our heads will soon be added to his collection!



They've gone... Snowy, you've absolutely got to save Tintin.



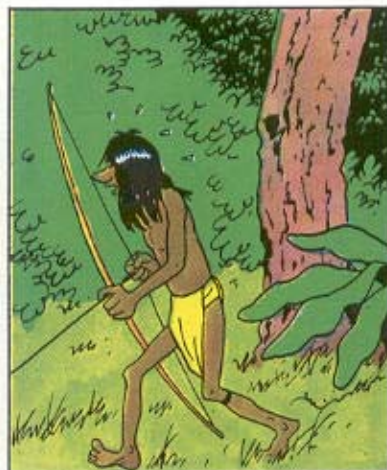
If I can find the Arumbaya village, and take this thing to them, perhaps they'll understand that its owner is in danger...



Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village...

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be cured, he must eat the heart of the first animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most powerful one!



What a strange animal!... And what's it carrying in its mouth? A quiver! That's funny... I must try to catch it alive...







See, O witch-doctor. This cloth belongs to the old bearded one, and the quiver also. Perhaps the old bearded one is in danger?



You mind your own business!... Give me the animal and go!... I shall kill the creature and take out its heart; this I shall give to your son to eat. Go now!



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family... and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now: he won't gossip... But he's right. The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas. Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things... they might give me away.



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers...



Stop, O chief of the Rumbabas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are friends of the forest. You will set them free.



V-v-very well!

It's magic... witchcraft!



Magic?... Didn't you realise it was me speaking?... I'm a ventriloquist... Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Good heavens!

Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon...



My end!

We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother...







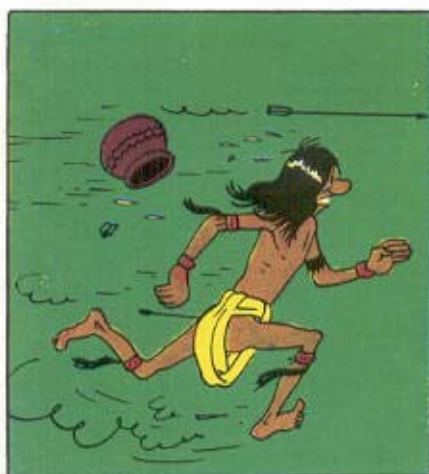
YAAH!



The old bearded one!



The villain! ...Lucky you decided to come and look for us Karamelo... otherwise we'd have been too late.



Let me introduce Avakuki, chief of the Arumbayas

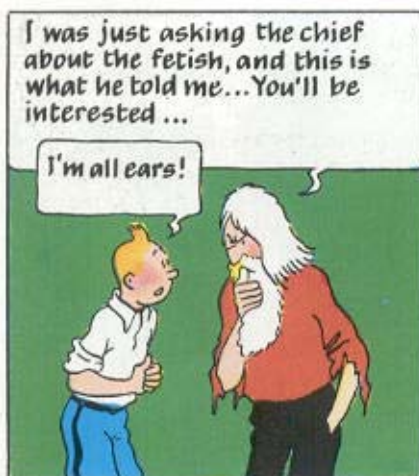
Owar ya? Ts goota meeche mai 'tee

It's a pleasure, sir...



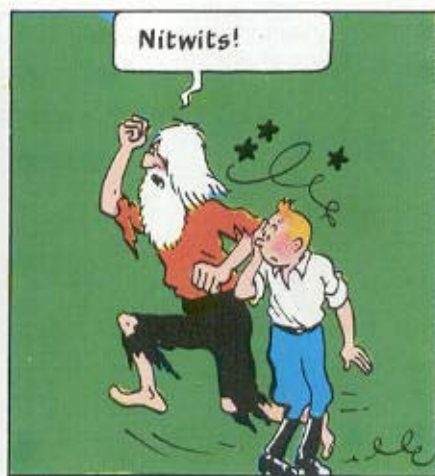
Naluk. Djarem membah dabrah nai dul? Tintin zluk infu rit'h. Kanyah elpim?

Dabrah nai dul? Oi, oi! Slaika toljah. Datrai b'giv dabrah nai dul ta'Walker. Ewuz anais-gi. Buttiz'h felaz tukahr presh usdjuel. Enefda Arumbayas ket chimdai lavis gutsfa gahtah'z. Nomess in'h!



I was just asking the chief about the fetish, and this is what he told me...You'll be interested ...

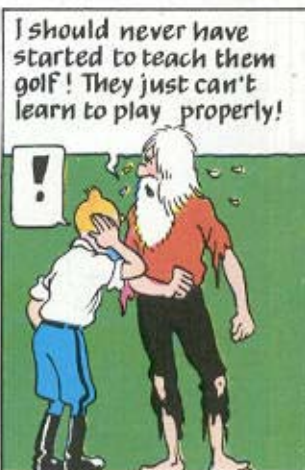
I'm all ears!



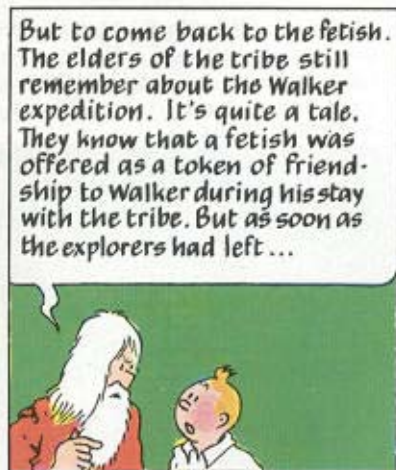
Nitwits!



Cohrluv ahduk! Ai tolja tahitta ferlip inbawl intada oh'!! Andatdohn meenis ferlip ineer oh'!!



I should never have started to teach them golf! They just can't learn to play properly!



But to come back to the fetish. The elders of the tribe still remember about the Walker expedition. It's quite a tale. They know that a fetish was offered as a token of friendship to Walker during his stay with the tribe. But as soon as the explorers had left ...



The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake-bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.



The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party... Walker himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered... That's how the story goes.



Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!



Listen!... The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on...



But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding-place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.



So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!



Some days later...



Meanwhile...



We simply must get hold of a canoe...



Look!... There's a canoe... and with one man only... But... I think I am seeing things... or it's a dream... There's a man...

Caramba!... It's Tintin!



We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey...



So we meet again, eh?



Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Ville de Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!

Really?

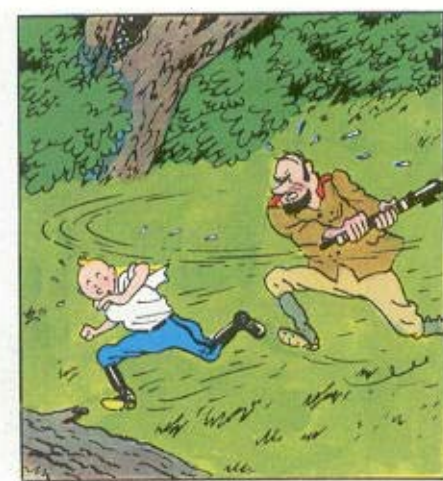
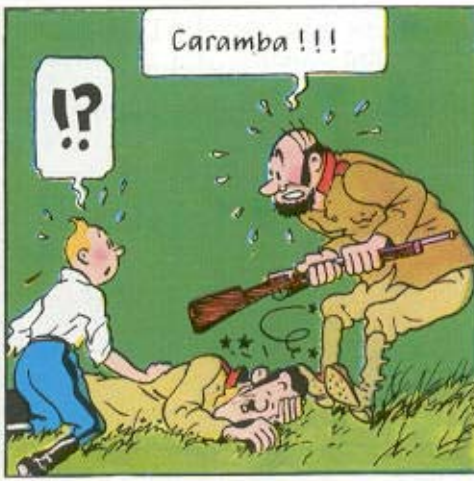
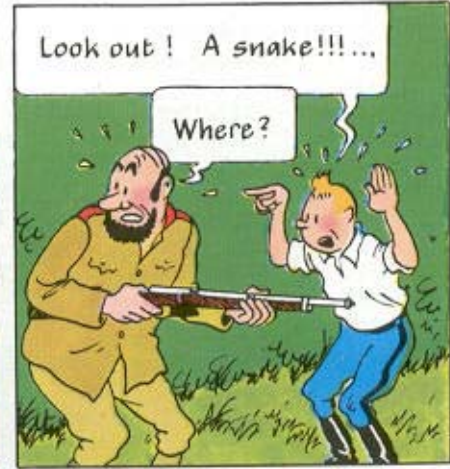


Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you... You are going to pay dearly, my friend!

No! I told you... The real fetish wasn't aboard...











Good! ... Now they're safely taken care of, let's see what he's got in his wallet.



OHO!



Arambaya  
I am dying  
Walker expedition  
the diamond  
in the fetish  
the broken  
ear  
Lopez

Where did you get this note? ... Tell me!



In the ship, on our way to Europe. Tortilla dropped it. But we didn't know what it meant. Tortilla was just a fellow passenger. We only realised the significance of the paper when we read about the fetish being stolen from the museum... Then we decided we'd try to get the fetish away from Tortilla.



Excellent! ... Now, the only thing we don't know is how Tortilla got hold of this note. But since he's dead, I don't suppose we'll ever discover that! ... So now, gentlemen, let's get moving!



And behave yourselves!



What are you planning to do with us?



No problem. I shall hand you over to justice. I think you well deserve it!

Hand us over to justice? ... Ha! ha! ha!



Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, my fine friend ...



Teep heem een! ...



Got you!

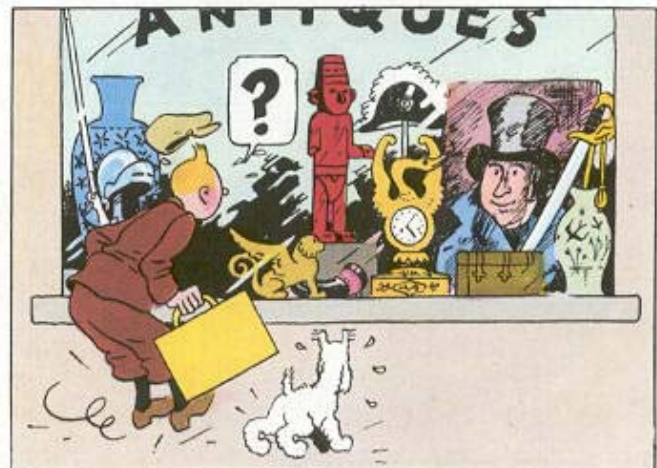
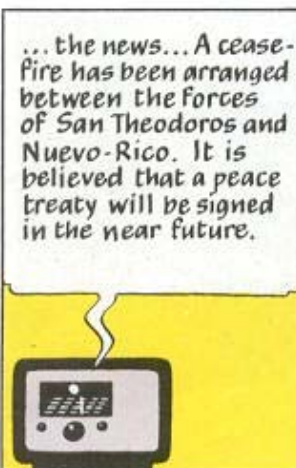
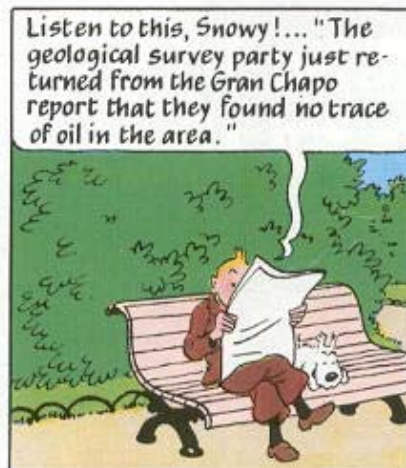
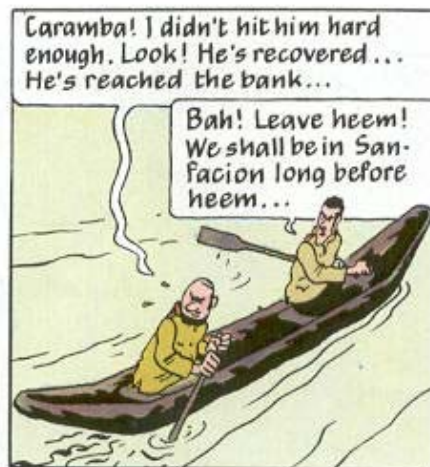
Bravo!

There! ...



Hee's feenished! Look, Alonso. Thees piranhas, thees man-eating feeshes, they come for heem already!









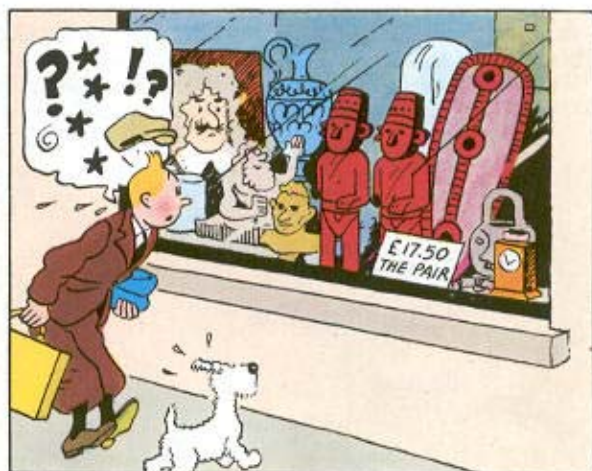
Good heavens!... It's fantastic!



Think of the thousands of miles I've travelled to find this thing!



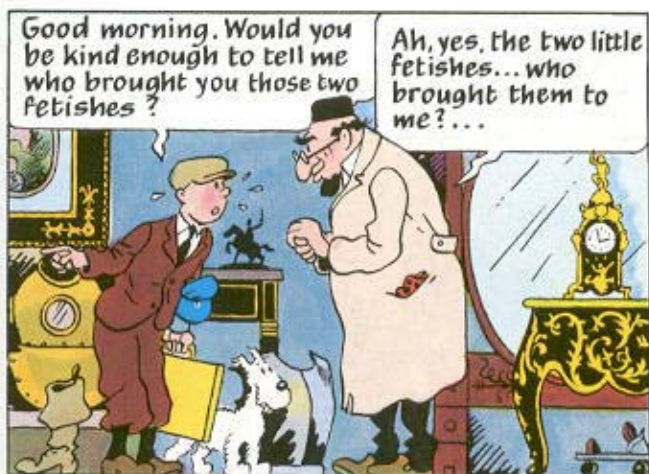
£100... Cheap at the price!... But come to think of it, I should have asked how he managed to get hold of the fetish...



!?!... There's no mistake... They've both got a broken ear!... I can't believe it... It's absolutely incredible!



This time I really will find out where they came from!



Good morning. Would you be kind enough to tell me who brought you those two fetishes?

Ah, yes, the two little fetishes... who brought them to me?...



A bit of a struggle, but at last I've got the address... Mr. Balthazar, 32 Lamb's Lane... That isn't very far. We'll go straight there.



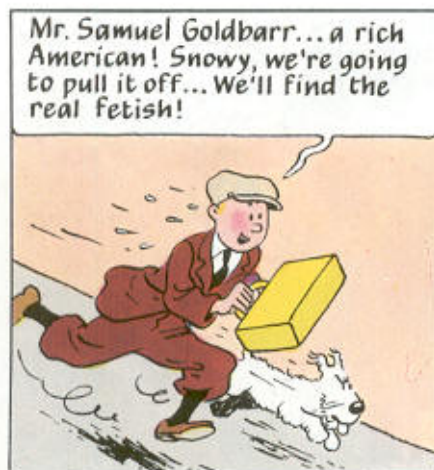
This is it.



Here we are...

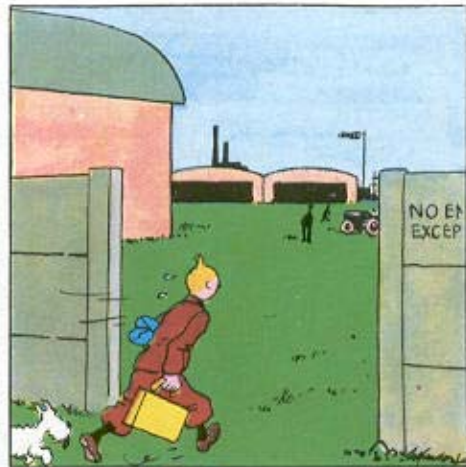




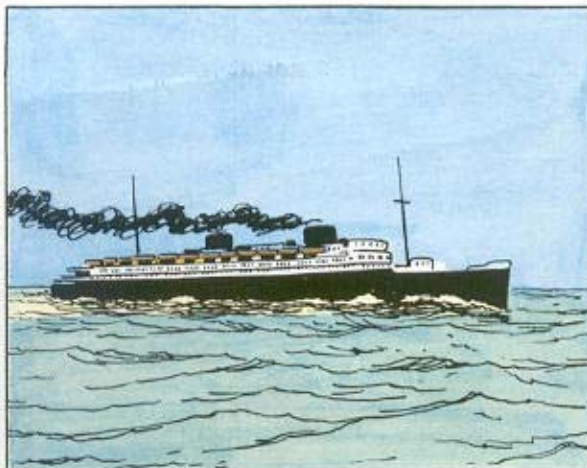




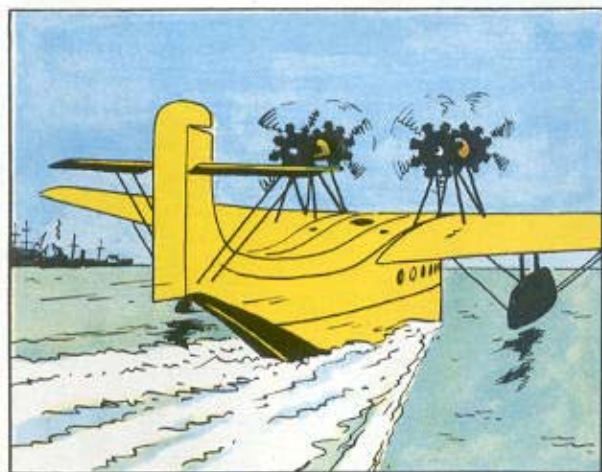
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far ...



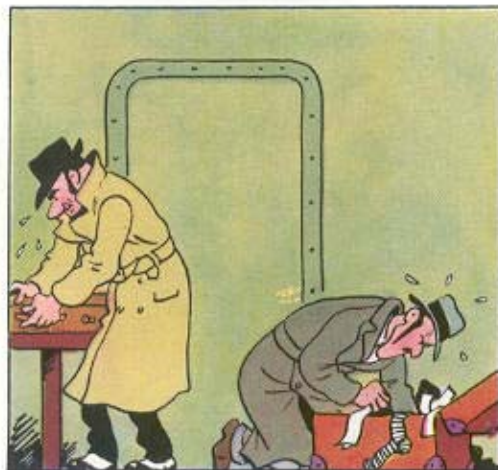
... catch the 'Washington', eh? ... Hmm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



First service for lunch, please! ... First service for lunch! ...



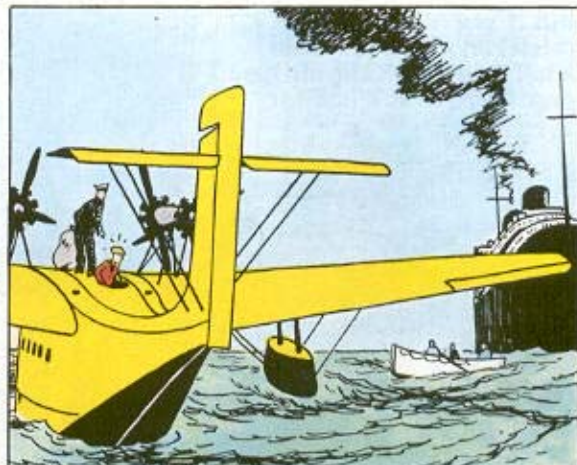
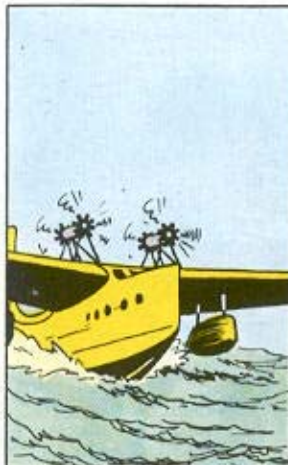
There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!



Ramón!... Ramón!... Look!... I've got it!













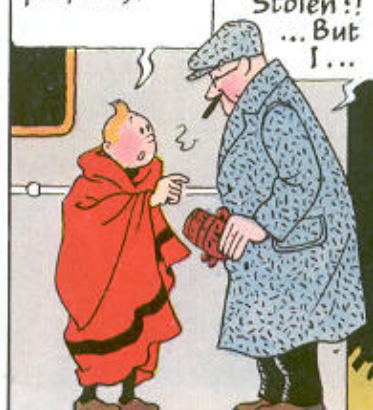
Oooh! My fetish!  
My beautiful fetish!



Mr. Goldbarr?... I'm terribly sorry  
your fetish has been damaged.  
I can explain everything if you'll  
allow me...



... I think you should know  
that your fetish is stolen  
property.



Yes, I know  
where you bought  
it, and I'm sure the  
man who sold it  
to you acted in  
good faith...



If that's the case, I wouldn't  
consider keeping the fetish  
for a moment longer. If  
you're going back on shore,  
can I ask you to take it and  
restore it to the museum  
where it belongs? I'd  
be greatly obliged!



May I please speak to the  
Director?



And now, Snowy my  
friend, we're going to  
take a well-earned  
rest!





THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# **TINTIN AND THE BROKEN EAR**

